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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Lallie Charles*

VISCOUNTESS CURZON: A NEW PORTRAIT

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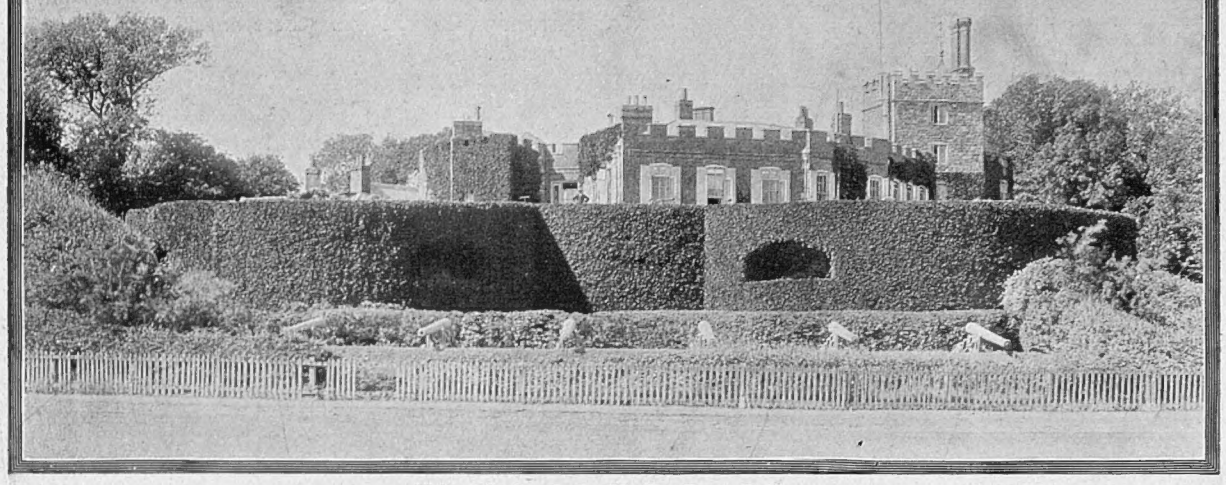
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LIFE'S COMPASS. By Priscilla Craven. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
BIANCA'S DAUGHTER. By J. M. Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
A GENTLEMAN OF VIRGINIA. By P. J. Brebner. (Macmillan: 6s.)
FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH M.P. By E. Somerville and M. Ross. (Longmans: 3s. 6d.)
HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR. By Admiral Sir W. Kennedy. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
GEORGE SAND AND HER LOVERS. By Francis Gribble. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
JANEY CANUCK IN THE WEST. By Emily Ferguson. (Cassell: 6s.)
HELENE VON RACAWITZA. By Cecil Mar. (Constable: 12s. 6d. net.)
MUNICH: HISTORY, MONUMENTS, AND ART. By H. R. Wadleigh. (Fisher Unwin: 6s. net.)
THE COLONEL'S PAST. By Florence Warden. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE SUMMER FLOWERS OF THE HIGH ALPS. By S. Hastings. (Dent: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE GAY LORD WARING. By Houghton Townley. (Greening: 6s.)
THE RANCHER CARTERET. By Harold Bindloss. (Long: 6s.)
THE CAREER OF FREDA. By G. R. Beardmore. (Long: 6s.)
THE TERRITORIAL YEAR BOOK. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s. net.)
THE LEGITIMIST KALENDAR. (Royalist Club: 10s. net.)
WINDOW AND INDOOR GARDENING. By T. W. Sanders. (Collingridge: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE RIFLEMAN'S COMPANION. By L. R. Tippins. (Mills and Boon: 2s. 6d. net.)
SABLE AND PURPLE. By William Watson. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. 6d. net.)
MICAH FARADAY. By L. T. Meade. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
LYDIA: A NOVEL. By E. Hopkins. (Constable: 6s.)
THE LAIRD OF CRAIG ATHOL. By F. Moore. (Constable: 6s.)
CONVICT 413L. By M. C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE POOL OF FLAME. By L. J. Mack. (Grant Richards: 6s.)
YOUNG NICK AND OLD NICK. By S. R. Crockett. (Stanley, Paul.)
THE GRIMSON GATE. By G. Colmore. (Stanley, Paul.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



Walmer Castle: A Possible New Royal Residence

Walmer Castle, which was for a long period the official residence of the Lord Wardens of the Cinque Ports, will possibly be made a Royal residence. This information was given at the last council meeting at Walmer, when it was stated that there was good reason to believe that there would soon be someone in a very high official position residing at the Castle

Piety in Aberdeen

FROM every point of view it is said to be a record good year up in Scotland. All the great shoots are let, some of them at positively fabulous prices to Americans and London financiers; sport, the bad weather of the early summer notwithstanding, is very good on the whole; and the fact that the Court is in residence at Balmoral for a solid two months or more has caused an influx of tourists into Aberdeenshire such as has never been known before. Every Sunday morning, in full Highland dress and wearing kilts of Royal Stuart tartan, the King and his sons, with the Queen and Princess Mary in deep mourning, attend matins—I beg its pardon, I mean morning prayer—in the little parish church of Crathie, which, somehow, never seems to rise to the occasion, and always presents a somewhat incongruous appearance. And a similar piety is observed by the visitors at Ballater, Braemar, Aberdeen, and all the houses round, everyone, be the weather what it may, turning out in force to attend at kirk when such a positive *posse* of Royalty may be seen and observed at such a comparatively small cost.

The Eightieth Birthday of the Austrian Kaiser: A Snapshot of His Majesty on Horseback Taken a Few Days Ago

The Emperor-King remains one of the most persistently youthful octogenarians of his century, and is up at the most unearthly hour every morning, regardless of the feelings of his household

The Court

The King commenced deer-stalking in the Royal forests near Balmoral last week, and later on will initiate the Prince of Wales into the deep mysteries of this sport of kings at Ballockbuie and in the Birkhall and Abergeldie Woods. Lord and Lady Carrington have been loaned Abergeldie Castle, the residence of the King while Prince of Wales, for the season, and Craig Gowan House, which Queen Victoria built for John Brown, and which King Edward purchased back from that gentleman, is occupied by Lord and Lady Knollys during the stay of the Court at Balmoral Castle, where the King and Queen are now occupying the same suites of rooms as were formerly used by King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The Daily Round

For the Best People, in contrast to the Second Best, who are now taking things easily at the seaside, the spas, and on the Continent, life just now wears a strenuous complexion. There are things to kill—and the right-minded, well-born Englishman is in his element—and that sacred duty once accomplished, to be clad in the thickest and soberest of tweeds, to rise early, eat heavily, and drag off sleepily to bed at something before ten after a hard day's tramping through soft, silver mist in obscure Scottish places, is the most to be expected of any man. Real work on the moors seldom begins before to-day, when, both for the sport and the table, the birds are in better condition than on the Twelfth, and the shooters themselves, returned from their cures and their yachts, are more in the vein to bring, as well as put, the creatures down.

Highland Games

Following the precedent of 1901, there are to be no Games at Braemar this year in consequence of the death of King Edward, but most of the Highland meetings (terribly boring affairs, by the way, for all but those most intimately concerned !) are to take place as usual. This week they are in full swing, and will continue at intervals until, at the end of September, the great Northern Meeting, with its two balls, winds up the Scottish season. At the Games and their attendant junketings it is, of course, much less daring to wear a coronet without being a Countess than to wear a real tartan without belonging to a clan, and the Highland chiefs are very much in evidence, their picturesque get-up, the wonder of all mere Southrons, and their manners sometimes likewise. It was a former King of the Isles, I believe, who, at a Northern Meeting, when remonstrated with for not uncovering in the presence of his Sovereign, averred that the people made Kings, but only God Almighty made a Chief !

No. 8: Kind Fate—Grand Fête

There were tremendous rejoicings at Somerley Park last week to celebrate the birth of a son and heir, Viscount Somerton, to the Earl and Countess of Normanton. Their first seven children were all girls, the Ladies Georgina, Alexandra, Caroline, Mary, Diana, Amy, and Rosemary Agar. Some of them are to be seen in the picture with their baby brother and happy parents

The Modern "Sir Dinadan"

There is nothing like history for repeating itself ! To find counterpart for the unconventional manner in which their Most Catholic Majesties of Spain have been enjoying their youthful selves during their visit to England it is necessary only to go back some fifteen hundred years or so and to read in Sir Thomas Malory's "History of the Marvellous Adventures" of that day how that Sir Dinadan, one of King Arthur's knights (and, obviously, an ancestor of Alfonso's) was, according to the great Sir Tristram of Lyonesse, "of all men the best bourder and japer ; a good knight of his hands, the merriest knight, too, and the maddest talker that ever ye spake withal." We learn, indeed, further that so badly did Sir Dinadan behave at meals that "Queen Guenever and the haute Prince laughed so that they might not sit at table," and that when he came to the joust he put upon himself a woman's garment and looked so killingly funny that when Queen Guenever and La Beale Isoude saw the saucy fellow thus brought in "they laughed so heartily that they fell down, and so did all that were there !" Shades of Eaton Hall house-parties and milliners' shops in Cowes ! Is there *nothing* new under the sun ?

The Passing of the Victorians

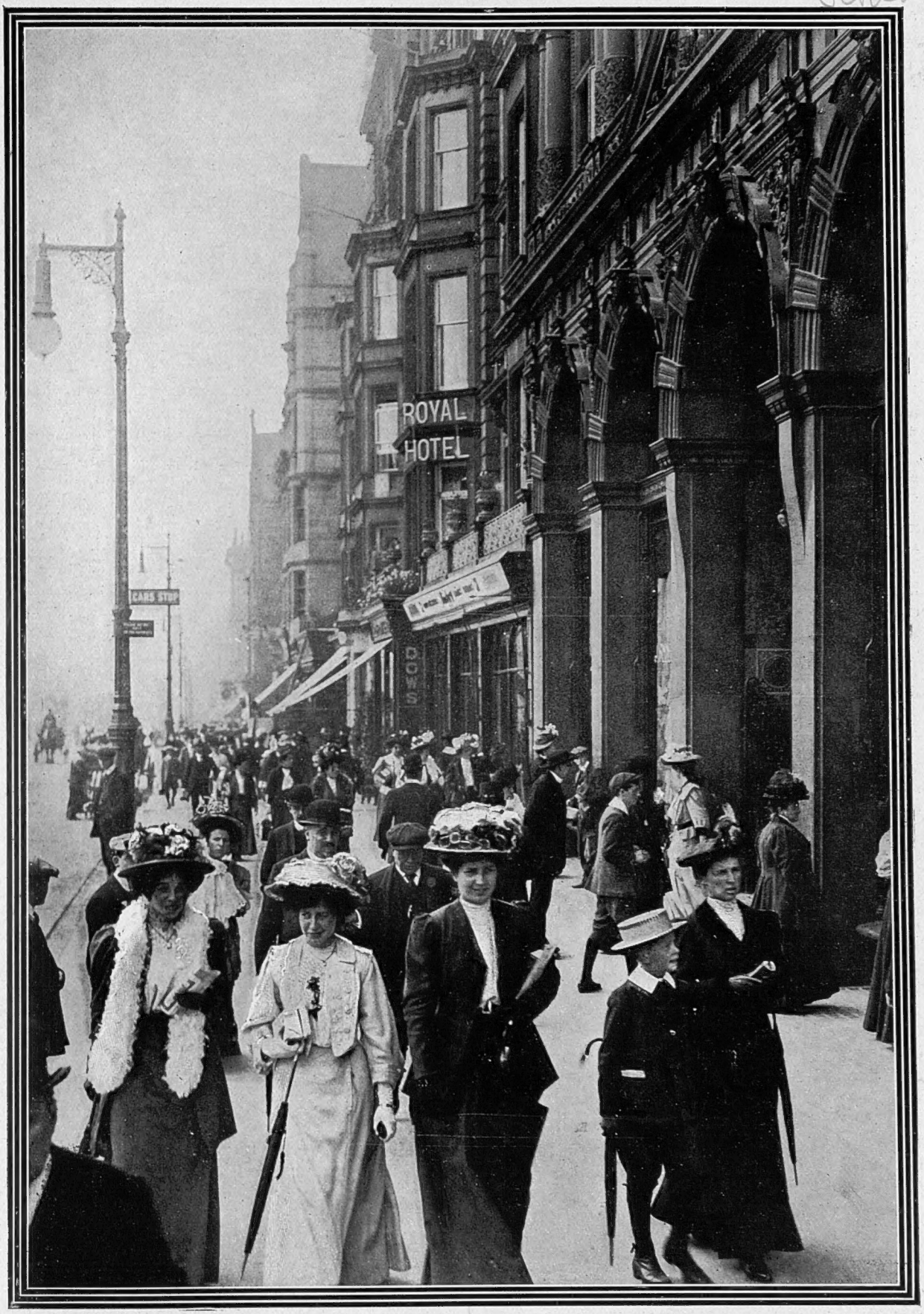
One by one, and lately with saddening celerity, the great Victorians pass and go the way of all men. No fewer than three—Lord Spencer, Lord Amherst, and Miss Nightingale—were gathered to their fathers last week, and they must have left this mortal coil without, one imagines, over-much regret, for in these latter days there is no place for such as they, and they must know it. Ours is an age of specialists, of hard climbers, of astounding achievements. There is no longer any use for that mediocrity, that triumph of the commonplace, that typically "happy mean," in praise of which Tennyson—most honoured of the Victorian poets—so complacently gave his age away.

Lord Spencer

The foxhunting, horse-racing, land-owning Minister, of which the late Lord Spencer was so typical an example, has faded almost out of existence. In his place—whether for better or worse remains to be seen—is the man of brains only, who, inch by inch, against superhuman odds and by sheer force of intellect, has fought his way from the lowest rung of the ladder right into the very midst of that charmed circle which encloses the real governors of England. By strict observance of that much-approved "happy mean" the late Lord Spencer won to, or, rather, was given, place and power. He possessed ordinary qualities in,

The Flight to the North

A SCENE IN THE STREET THAT IS SCOTLAND'S PRIDE



Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

A SUNNY MORNING IN PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

Princes Street, Edinburgh, is by many considered the handsomest street in the world. Edinburgh men are most emphatic about it, and it is just as well to agree with them, on their native heath anyway. If you say very much the same thing of Sauchiehall Street in Glasgow, and of Union Street in Aberdeen, you will become quite popular in Scotland. Of course, it is not everyone who can appreciate urban beauty, yet it is becoming quite the thing to stand in rapt admiration before an electric light standard or a model dustbin

as Mr. Chesterton would say, an extraordinary degree. He could not speak, and his intellect was very distinctly average. But he made a splendid Viceroy of Ireland, and thus forecasted what someone who knows recently said of India, viz., that "the man who makes the best Viceroy of India is the man who makes a successful Master of Hounds in England."

The Eternal Feminine

It was, perhaps, that faint touch of the wayward Stuart in Queen Victoria which sometimes, though not very often, provoked in Her Majesty the unexpected. Lord Morley tells us that if, in 1894, the Queen had asked Mr. Gladstone's advice as to the appointment of his successor in the Premiership, he would have recommended unhesitatingly Lord Spencer. But the Queen asked no one's advice, or, at any rate, not Mr. Gladstone's, and the Royal choice fell on Lord Rosebery, idealist, *littérateur*, lone wolf of Parnassus, in all things the very antithesis of Lord Spencer, and not in the very least an apostle of the "happy mean."

An Under-Secretary? Yes! But Still a Father!
A charming snapshot of Colonel Seely, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, wheeling his children in a bath-chair—thus proving to the satisfaction of the Press gallery that as true a heart may beat under a—and so forth

"Collars"

It was an Irish Member, I believe, who once announced his intention of keeping the House sitting "until Bobby Spencer's collar gave way," the new Lord Spencer being distinguished for a slightly abnormal taste in collars, coupled with a sedateness and propriety of demeanour not inaptly connected with starch. A slim fund of (mostly) unconscious humour was also of service to his lordship during his Parliamentary career, which was chiefly distinguished by the announcement, made in a manner as mild as it was firm, that he was not an agricultural labourer. He is a widower, the late Lady Althorp, a charming lady, having died four years ago on the birth of her sixth child.

The Red Earl's Funeral: The New Earl and His Son and Heir
Earl Spencer (right) and his son, Viscount Althorp, at the late Earl Spencer's funeral, which took place at Great Brington last Thursday

Florence Nightingale and Her Times

Everything there is to say has already, of course, been said about the late Miss Florence Nightingale. There is, however, just one small side issue with regard to that heroic lady's intrepid incursion into the business side of real, live war which has not yet been touched upon. Florence Nightingale was admittedly the pioneer of, perhaps, the greatest reform of the age—modern scientific nursing—yet, as supporters of Woman Suffrage are delighted to remember, most of the respectable papers, and *all* the respectable women, were, when Florence Nightingale first announced her intention of journeying to the Crimea, united in denouncing her as a "dreadful, unwomanly creature" for wanting to go out to the war to nurse grown-up men without a chaperon, instead of staying at home to nurse the baby she hadn't got or knit the knitting she did not want.

Erin en Fête

The Dublin Horse Show commences to-day, and I verily believe we are going to have a gay and giddy week. I have not known the Irish capital so full for many a long day, and there are troops of foreigners to be seen in Grafton and Sackville Streets, and these aforesaid foreigners, I hear, intend making heavy purchases in horse-flesh—much to the joy of the Irish farmer, be it said. To-day (Wednesday) Lord and Lady Aberdeen will grace the Show by their presence, and they are also expected on the following day. Among the gaieties of the week I would mention two charity dances that should prove most attractive. One is being organised by Lady Lyttelton in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, and will take place at the Royal Hospital. The other dance is to take place at the Rotunda, and is for the benefit of an Irish charity. More of these I will tell you next week—an it please you.

Room for Once!

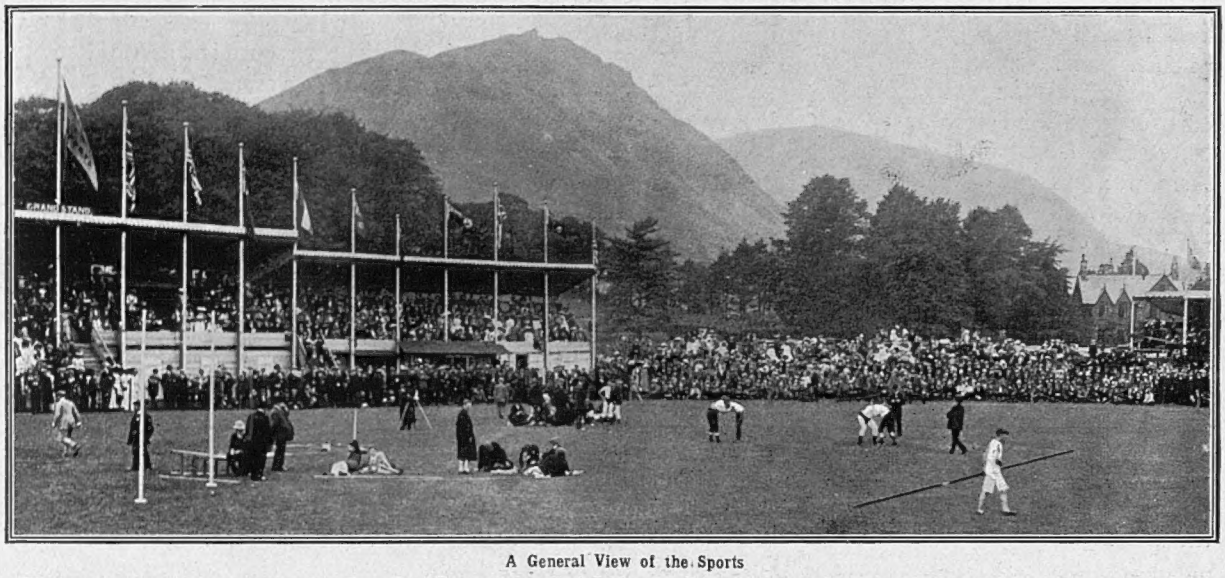
The Best Families have quite deserted London, and they will not be seen for another month or six weeks. Still, London is not such a bad place at this time of year, after all. One can walk along Bond Street without being jostled, and Piccadilly is particularly pleasant for pedestrians. You see how alliterative I am. Then, too, think how welcome you are made at the various restaurants. The waiters are more than pleased to see you. You can, too, depend upon getting a seat at any theatre at this time of year, and you can—oh! you can do lots of things in comfort. Let me advise those who are left in London to go and dine at the White City. On a fine night—there have been one or two lately—you can get an excellent dinner there. The illuminations are grand, and the music delightful, and should it turn wet you can go

The Hardy Northerner's Sport

ENORMOUS ENTRIES AND SPLENDID COMPETITION AT GRASMERE

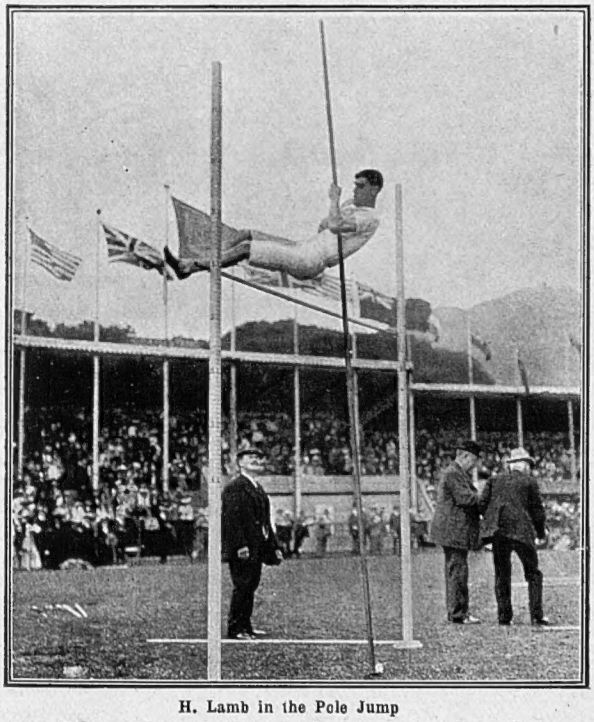
W. Studholme throws G. Braithwaite in the Final of the Heavy-weights in spite of the heat

J. Williams (winner, facing camera) and J. Threlkeld Wrestling in the Final for Light-weights



A General View of the Sports

The beautiful amphitheatre, encircled by Bath Crag Stone, Arthur Red Bark, and Silver Stow, was the scene of some glorious contests witnessed by enormous crowds. The hardy Northerner had, as usual, the day of his year



H. Lamb in the Pole Jump

J. A. Speedie Wins the High Jump

That Grasmere is the hub of the wrestling universe is evidenced by the enormous number of entries received this year. There were 62 competitors in the light-weights, 92 in the middle-weights, and actually 110 in the heavy-weights. It is simply appalling to think that there are so many people anxious to get to grips with each other in this hot weather. They don't deserve it—the weather, I mean—and it is not at all surprising that there has been a change of staff at the Meteorological Office

and see the Japanese wrestlers, or go up and down in the Flip-Flap till the clouds roll by.

A New Skirt

Doncaster Races are at hand, and despite the fact that there will be no parties at Rufford Abbey or Escrick, the prospects of the meeting are not so bad. From Doncaster many racing folk will proceed to Ayr, where good racing is anticipated. Soon—alas! too soon—Newmarket will be calling us again for the autumn meetings, and I can assure you you will see wonderful things in tailor-made gowns. The tube skirts will go. They have become shockingly common and vulgar, and a new kind of skirt is promised for October, but you must bide a wee and see what Paris will send you. I hear, too, of wondrous things in the way of hats that are being prepared for the autumn campaign. Strange plumage is to be used, and the quaintest of shaped headgear will be seen.

Rolling on the Rollers: A New Variety of Hockey for Naval Officers

(On most ships that we have been on skates are not needed to produce a rolling effect)

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering why they were so anxious about the wedding. They are wondering at the new matchmaker. They are wondering how the news was received in the Isle of Wight. They are wondering if they will be seen in Paris or Dublin this week. They are wondering if the dinner at the Ritz the other evening was too quiet to attract attention. They are wondering if Monsieur really saw Madame there and what Mlle. will say. They are wondering at the hurried flight to Ostend and back. They are wondering if the "command" to Balmoral will be received as usual this autumn. They are wondering if the American widow is still paying for the party ahead. They are wondering if she really gets *quid pro quo* for her money. They are wondering whether they cultivate her acquaintance for her money or her charm of manner.

Our Supplement

With this week's issue is presented a humorous coloured drawing, entitled "In Difficulties," specially painted for THE BYSTANDER by Harry Rountree, which I am sure my readers will heartily appreciate.

Polite Territorials

I was a little disappointed with Mr. Hopkins, the magistrate who tried the insubordinate Territorial

In Broad Daylight Too: Strange Object Alleged by the Camera to have been Seen in Regent's Park

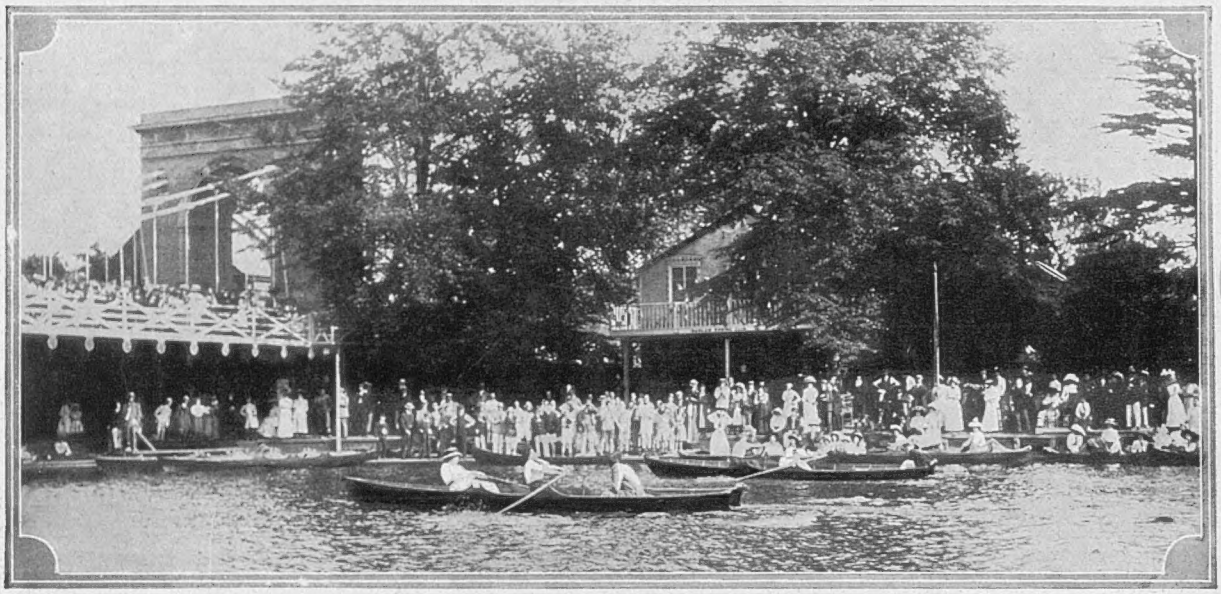
It is said—or rather claimed—by several gentlemen who saw the phenomenon that it was nothing more or less than a Chinese kite being flown by Mr. Mortimer, the aviator. There certainly seems to be something in the story, and we are inclined to give the nervous spectators the benefit of the doubt

Where You May Have Been Last Week

RACING AT STOCKTON, BOATING AT MARLOW, OR FÊTING AT SHREWSBURY

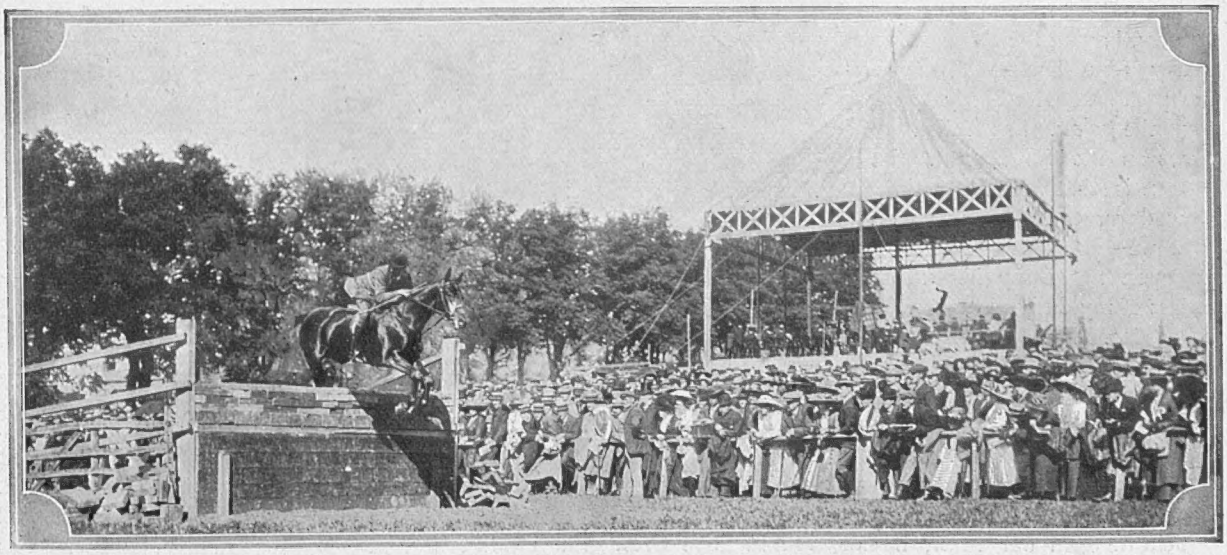
In the Paddock at Stockton Races

The attendance at the Stockton Meeting was wonderfully good, the county stand being well patronised. Indeed, so many fashionable people were present that Stockton is in danger of becoming known as the Durham Trouville



Rowing at Marlow: Four Ladies' Difficulty in Besting Each Other

Miss Kelly and Miss Foster dead-heat with Miss Watson and Miss Borlase in the Ladies' Pair-oar Race in skiffs at Marlow Rowing Club Regatta. On rowing off, the first-named pair won by 2ft.



"Lepping" at Shrewsbury: The Wall Jump

General view at the Shrewsbury Floral and Musical Fête, so called, it is supposed, on account of its equine features, last week. The picture shows Mr. J. Walker's nomination taking the wall

shoesmith at Lambeth last week. When the man (David Cunningham) was brought into court charged with refusing to obey his sergeant-major, Mr. Hopkins protested against the conversion of his court into a court-martial. He wanted to know whether upon him, Mr. Hopkins, devolved the responsibility for maintaining order in the King's Army, and showed altogether a fine civilian spirit which — being temporarily in a civilian mood again after my last week's lapse into militarism—strongly appealed to me. My disappointment came when Mr. Hopkins, instead of sticking out in his protest, rather lamely fell into line, and with an apparently assumed severity sent Cunningham to a month's hard labour. I should like him to have kept up the earlier attitude, and given us something to talk about. Instead of which—"I don't know" he said, pronouncing sentence, "what will happen if a man in a regiment says 'No, thank you' when asked to do something." Nor do I. I can conceive Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd being struck absolutely pink at that "thank you."

Photograph *W. Illingworth*

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD WEIGALL

Who last Tuesday was married—quietly—in the parish church of Motheringham to the charming and enormously wealthy daughter of the late Sir J. Blundell Maple, formerly the

BARONESS ECKHARDSTEIN

Photograph *Bassano*

Supremely Silly

For one thing this year has to be devoutly thanked. The Silly Season has really been silly. Usually the term is an absolute misnomer. Directly Parliament gets up, and the Court goes north, we become, in the papers, intensely serious about our souls or our domestic affairs. This year, thank goodness, nobody has succeeded in hitting on any topic whatever. We have just been silly. There has been absolutely nothing to talk about for more than a day at a time. One's heart goes out to the political papers, having to go on making party capital when there are no politics. The *Daily News*, by the way, has fallen to news on the front page. Its reason is that we haven't time, nowadays, to open our paper. But we—I, at any rate — have always had time to open my *Daily News*. It has been one of the rarest of my daily pleasures. I confess it, I don't like it brightened up and smartly news-edited. Besides, it gives the *Daily Mail* the "shout," as it were. Not only has that journal now the largest circulation, but it rejoices in being absolutely the only halfpenny paper that *you have to open*. May it ever remain thus! Life would be a weariness to thousands of us if we were deprived of that tense second of eagerness in which we open our *Mail*, hoping against hope that perhaps, for one day, there will be no new record in "airmanship," and no new invasion scare.

Hints for the New Clerk of the Weather

I am glad to see that a new Clerk of the Weather has been appointed. Against the personal integrity of the last I have nothing whatever to say, but his best friend will admit that, latterly, he was painfully out of touch with—shall I say?—the democracy. What we want is weather of the people, for the people, and by the people. The last Clerk was, I suppose, all right from the departmental point of view. No doubt his cyclones and anti-cyclones, his distributions of barometrical pressure, his depressions and his brisknesses on the Grand Banks, were well worth the salary. But some closer touch with popular sentiment will be looked for in the new Clerk. A very little consideration will tell him what is wanted. Just now, we want fine, warm, clear weather for at least six weeks. Then we don't mind a spot or two of rain and some wind. He can follow with some bright, frosty mornings, with keen, exhilarating airs until—say—the end of November. In December we shall, no doubt, have to rough it a bit, but provided he rounds up with sharp frosts and a little snow, with bright skies at Christmas, and carries them well over January, he will do well. February he can take easily, and turn on a little rain if he absolutely must. March should be dry and bracing. April showery, but warm. For May, June, and July the motto is "always sunny and bright." If rain be wanted by the farmers, there are nights on which it can be indulged in to the Clerk's utmost content. But he would do well not to have too much to do with those farmers. I know at least one who says that this summer—*this* one!—has been all right.

Others—Please Copy!

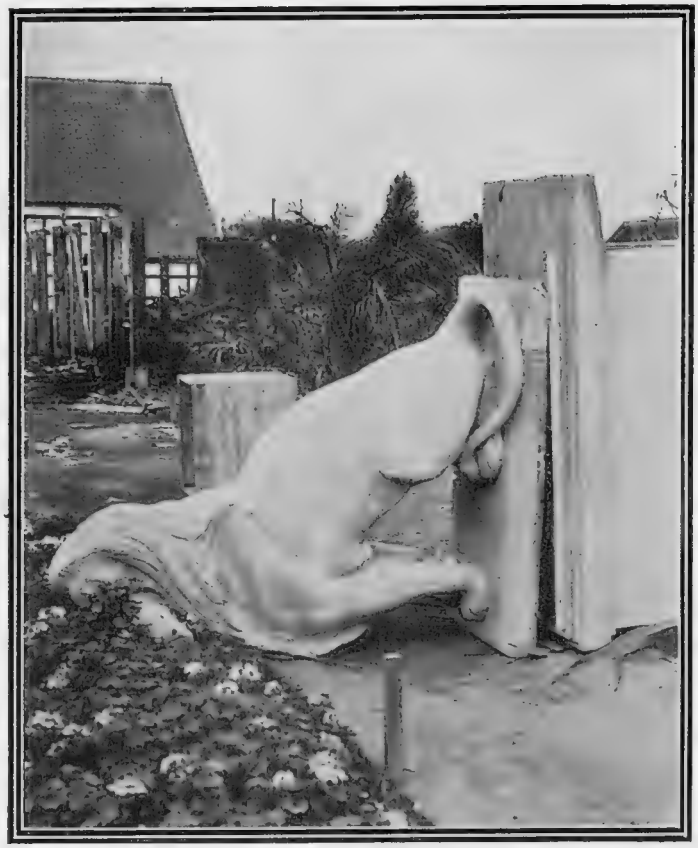
I take it, gentle reader, that you were somewhat surprised when you read of the marriage of Baroness Eckhardstein and Captain Archibald Weigall, were you not? The whole thing was most mysterious and secret, and the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony only knew that his services were required about half an hour beforehand. Captain and Mrs. Weigall are passing their honeymoon at Londesborough Lodge, Scarborough. The bride, I am told, looked remarkably well in a gown and hat of pale mauve, and she was given away by her mother, Mrs. Montague Ballard.

An Original Photographic Pose

Photograph *Emery*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, TAKEN AT BELVOIR CASTLE

An English Duchess is generally a student of the graces and all that tends to make life picturesque. Even in photography Her Grace of Rutland is not content with the ordinary conventional pose



The Brussels Exhibition Fire: Collapse of the British Lion
The British Section of the Exhibition was one of those which were totally destroyed

Dangers of Waking Up

Really, we must watch this waking-up of ours. There is no knowing where it will end. From earliest years England, defiant of the jeers of all the world, has carefully refrained from worrying herself about Continental exhibitions. We have let them come and go without spending either time or trouble in fitting out stupendous shows of British prowess. We have taken the insular attitude that England is pretty well known, anyway, and in no need of booming herself at exhibitions as though she were Bulgaria or Montenegro. If people wanted to know anything about England, here we are! Come over and see us for yourself. We're not a plaster palace, and shan't be taken away or burnt down.

"Everything"—Carriage Paid

Well, then came the "wake-up" obsession. The same hustling spirit that has been the bane of Army, Navy, Empire, and Press spread to trade. The Brussels Exhibition, somebody was told, was an admirable opportunity for shaking off dull sloth. The Government lent assistance, traders positively worried themselves into sending things in cases; the museums sent replicas of art treasures, furniture, carving, tapestry, porcelain, china. Machinery, too, lest we be suspected of antiquarian fustiness, was heaped upon machinery. England had wakened up, and the Continent professed to be duly impressed.

An Industrial Orgie

Then came Nemesis—out of a short circuit. To the amazement and horror of all of us, more particularly the newly "awakened" exhibitors, the entire British section was burnt down. It looked very much as though England awake was not a spectacle approved of the gods. But blessed by heaven or not, the question is, "Are Exhibitions Worth While?" When one comes to look at it, what precise ultimate advantage accrues to commerce from these incessant industrial orgies?

What the Public Wants

The world goes to the place that holds the Exposition, much to the benefit of the place. It rides on the flip-flaps and wiggle-waggles, and moving stairways, enjoys the side-shows, the bands, the illuminations and fireworks, and carefully avoids paying the slightest attention to the *objets d'art* or the machinery or anything else that the great Powers have taken such enormous trouble to exhibit. And those who are intelligent enough to scrutinise them are not those likely to be impressed in that fashion by the enterprise of the nation exhibiting, for they know the facts as to its prowess from actual experience. It needs no German bazaar at Shepherd's Bush, for instance, to remind us that toys are made in Germany.

Exit the Exhibition

Personally, I think the day of exhibitions is over, and well over. If a Continental resort wants to attract us, let it be its own exhibition. Why not let the different cities, if they want the tourist, take a leaf out of the social book,

The Brussels Exhibition Fire
Principal entrance to the Belgian Section on the Grand Terrace, where the fire started. Only the twisted iron and steel skeleton of the walls remain

The Pitiful End of a Great National Effort

WHAT REMAINS, AFTER THE FIRE, OF THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

It is distressing to think that our first serious attempt made of recent years to be fitly represented at a Continental Exhibition should have been visited with such condign disapproval by the fiery fates. Evidently the "Wake-up, England" habit is not approved by the supernatural powers. The damage has been variously estimated and runs into millions

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Speaker's Pleasance Between Sessions: The Rt. Hon. J. W. Lowther (centre) and, on his left, Mr. Anthony Wilson, at the Braithwaite Flower Show and Sports

and instead of packing pretty parks with merchandise, announce themselves "At Home." For instance:

> BRUSSELS "AT HOME"
> JUNE—SEPTEMBER, 1910
> Music. Dancing. The Boulevards. The Bois. Battlefield of Waterloo, etc.

Or, if it prefers it simpler, just:

> BRUSSELS "AT HOME"
> ALWAYS
> See Baedeker

Post Office Ineptitude

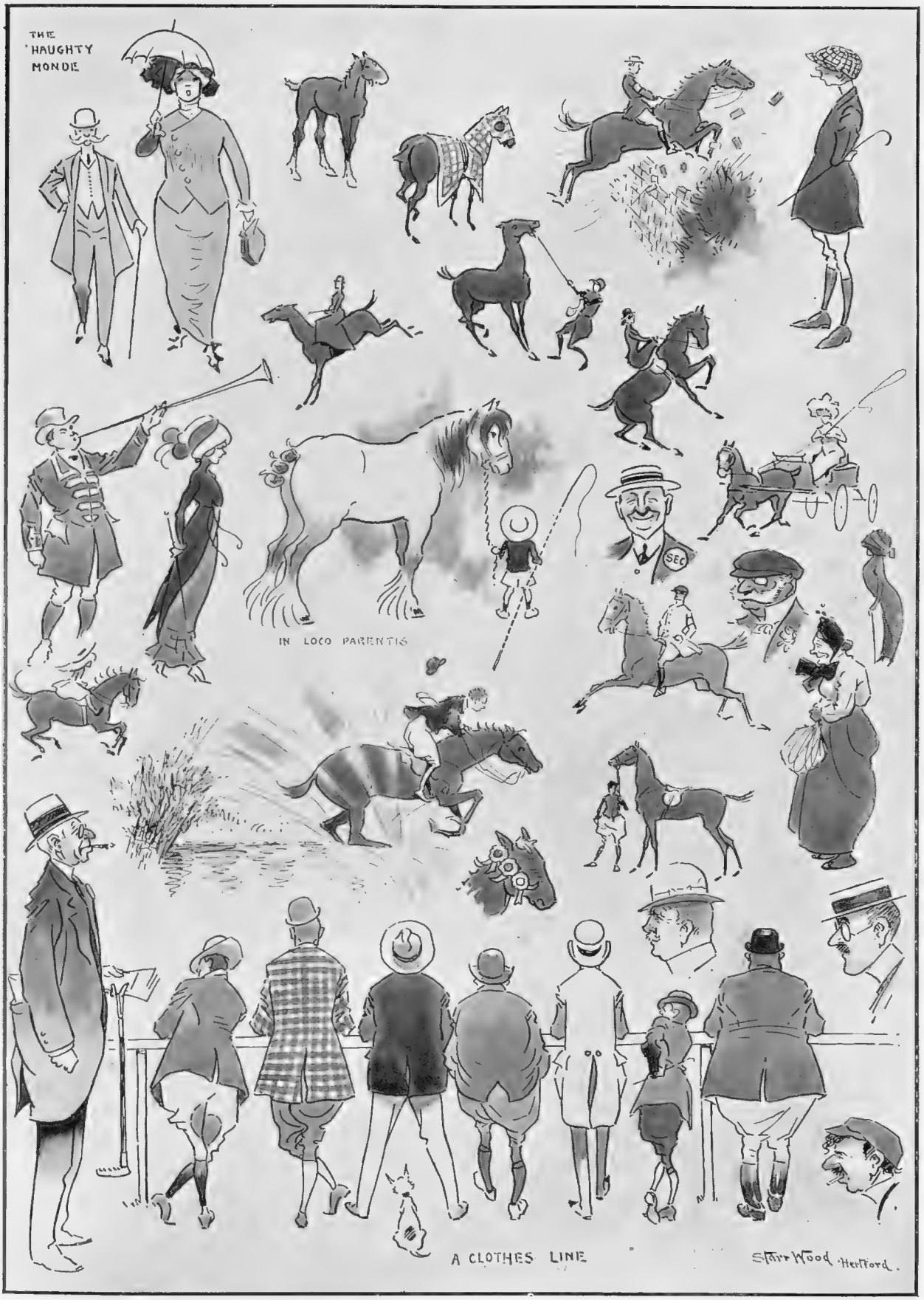
For a long time we have all been bidden to look on the picture of United South Africa and say "Blessed be the Liberals, who have done this thing." Obviously, one of the best ways of impressing us with the idea that Boer and Briton have now buried the hatchet would be to be able to write on our envelopes some one word or phrase describing the whole Confederation. Yet because "Union of South Africa" has the same initials as United States of America, if you please, we are forthwith bidden by a Post Office order to abandon all attempt to use a generic term for the sub-continent, and call each constituent part of the Union by its own name. The Post Office, by the stroke of one inept—or unpatriotic?—pen undoes, in the popular mind, all that the Liberal Government has done. We are to write "Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope," or "Bloemfontein, Orange Free State." But the latter gives the clue to the mystery. Only a pro-Boer, or an actual Boer, talks of Orangia as the "Free State"—which it hasn't been since 1900. Is the whole business a covert attempt to revive the old racial controversy? If not, why doesn't the Post Office go out and ask the first journalist it meets to solve the difficulty for it? A comprehensive expression is needed to designate the Union of South Africa. If U.S.A. is already taken, why not S.A.U. (South African Union)? Oh, that departmental mind! Or is this horrible lack of imagination just the beginning of the Business Government for which we are all supposed to be yearning?

Mr. Arthur Newton (right)

The famous solicitor, who has been engaged to defend a man of the name of Crippen (who was surely mentioned in the papers the other day). He is here seen leaving the court after the inquest

"The" Solicitor

Do you contemplate committing a crime? Do you regard it as remotely possible that you will ever be accused of a crime which you did not commit? In either case you must make friends with Mr. Arthur Newton, who has an enviable reputation for ability to secure the acquittal of prisoners whose cases may be regarded as hopeless. In fact, it is on record that an irate husband once remarked to his wife that he would cheerfully do away with her mother if he could afford to secure Arthur Newton's services for the defence. He felt sure that he would emerge from the trial quite a popular hero. Now Mr. Newton is going to defend Crippen, whom you are supposed to know all about now, thanks to the *Mail* and that altogether too breezy sea-dog, Captain Kendall, and as a result the Stock Exchange price about Crippen's getting off is evens.

The Country Horse-Show Season

There are few outdoor entertainments to compare with a country horse-show. The diversity of the types of mankind which attend is a feast for any visitor with a sense of humour. The "horsey" individual is notorious for eccentricity of costume, and he attitudinises to an extent commensurate with his own estimate of his importance. Then there are the god-like horn-blowers, little girls who gallop about on ponies to the risk of everyone in the ring, ladies who "ride on both sides of the horse," fat farmers who smoke oak-leaf cigars in your face, lantern-jawed ruffians who follow you about whispering information about "a nag that's just your weight," garrulous old women whose language is not always as chaste as it might be, and, invariably, a gaily dressed and unnecessarily ubiquitous party from the "Hall." Certainly, all very good fun when the sun shines

BY STARR WOOD

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"EXPERIENCED governess, fond of teaching, wardrobes, etc." (From a "wanted" advt.). And quite natural too—no harm in that. What *is* difficult to find is the butler who isn't fond of port wine and cigars.

* * *

WE have had all the growing weather we require, says the *Times;* what we want now is good ripening weather. After this authoritative appeal from a paper of such standing one hardly looks for a deliberate repetition of the recent rain. This firm reminder should be enough, but if it becomes necessary we trust that our leading journal will have no hesitation in issuing another sharp, swingeing editorial.

* * *

IN its account of a riot in a Western State, a paper says that "several English people are known to have been in the town, but no fatalities occurred." No, but there might have. No use goading the foreigner into frenzy in this intolerable way!

* * *

CRIPPEN TABLE OF PRECEDENCE

1. The man who was once in an omnibus with Miss Le Neve's mother.

2. The man who has lived in Hilldrop Crescent.

3. The man treated some years ago at the Drouet Institute.

4. The man who knows the chemist where the poison was bought.

5. The man who was in the shop when the boy's suit was purchased (a constant diner-out in exclusive circles).

6. The man who saw the dismemberment of the deceased (by some person unidentified) through the kitchen window (the lion at tea-parties).

7. The man who was on the *Montrose*, sat next to Miss Le Neve at dinner, played cards with Dr. Crippen, and witnessed the arrest. (This gentleman ranks socially after the Blood Royal, and has the *entrée* to practically any house he chooses.)

* * *

SPECIAL tickets for women have been issued on the L.C.C. tramways, so as to determine the classes of passengers carried, but we should hesitate about going too far with this sort of thing. Offence would only be given by issuing "giddy young thing" or "stout buffer" tickets; and fancy having to ask for a "first-class raging bounder" return to Brighton!

* * *

TAKING OUR PLEASURES SADLY.—"The Duke is an enthusiastic hunting man, having had several severe falls." (Society writer.)

* * *

A HORSE belonging to a pork butcher in Bangor has lived to the age of forty-one. This is believed to be the amateur record in this event. Old horses have gone into sausage shops and only lived a day or so, while the average duration of life for stray dogs in these places is 0.05 hours.

* * *

A Warning to the Seaside Girl

Don't take mamma for a walk if you at all resemble her. Men are so suspicious of the future

By HOPE READ

WOLFFE had some nourishment on his last attempt on the Channel. We see that half way across he encountered a chop.

* * *

SHOULD taxi-drivers smoke? As conscientious Socialists we are glad to see this urgent question kept before the public. And "there are others." Should the footmen use the tennis lawn? May captains of ships read novels on the bridge? Should reading and billiard-rooms for gardeners be made compulsory? Are Post Office employees to be prohibited having champagne luncheons beside them on the counter? These are problems which must, and shall, be solved. Better that five hundred innocent people should suffer than one worker be imposed on.

* * *

OWING to the dearth of news the *Spectator* suggests a close time for weekly newspapers during the dog days. A similar happy thought occurred not long ago to a Colonial editor, who stated in an editorial that "on account of a want of interesting matter our last page is left blank." We should have thought the *Spectator* could have tided over August and September on aeroplane flights and cross-Channel swims alone; but why not a *Spectator* Limerick competition, a *Spectator* walk to Brighton, a *Spectator* handsomest-man or bounciest-baby contest, or a Strachey £1,000 altitude flight? Or why not brighten the show up with a few pictures? The Misses Dare are ever ready, aye ready!

The Parvenu's Progress

6. HIS SON AND HEIR FORMS AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT IN THE VILLAGE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

The Wounding of Game

HOW TO MINIMISE THE CRUELTY CAUSED BY BAD SHOOTING

OF all kinds of British sport the least cruel is shooting. I am fully aware that there are many persons who look upon all sport as cruel. I am not going to argue with these doubtless well-meaning people, beyond pointing out that Nature herself is cruel, as evidenced by the cat and the mouse, the hawk and the chick, the lion and the kid, and down to the insect world. If killing is cruel, why, then, kill sheep, pigeons, or chickens, or most things which form our staple food? However, this is not my point. I want to say a word to those who shoot and owns shoots now the season has commenced.

I think it quite unnecessary to say that the true sportsman is ever humane. He shrinks from causing suffering, and, what is more, seldom gives cause for it. Yet we who shoot know well that ne'er a day's shooting passes without suffering to birds and animals, simply through indifferent aiming. I mean by this that scores of men come out to shoot who know little about it, and as a result they either miss their objects altogether or, what is far worse, badly wound without stopping them. The result is the poor things fly or run away, to end their lives in torture. It is terrible to walk over some shoots and to see pheasants limping painfully about from the effects of reckless shots. It is well known, even in the very best shoots, where only our classic shots are at work, that a certain number of birds are picked up next day when the keepers go round with dogs to gather in the wounded. As a rule, 5 per cent. of the day's bag is thus collected, showing that even when our finest shots are out a certain number of birds do not fall stone dead. This being so, what happens when the indifferent gunner is out? Far better would it be if never feather or fur were touched rather than six out of eight should get away with shot in them.

The Grouse-Shooting Season: Lord Lonsdale on his Moors at Lowther

One may think that because game continues its course without flinching or turning over that it is not struck, when, on the contrary, they have received a blow which will cause a lingering and often agonising death. It is the one thought which makes shooting distasteful. On the other hand, a bird, hare, or rabbit shot as it should be, suffers no acute pain. A human being shot in battle feels nothing—for the time being—for numbness is the immediate effect. A hare which, when shot, screams in the most human and painful way to hear, does so from fright alone, not pain. A hare or rabbit picked up by hand suddenly in a field will give effect to its feelings of alarm in exactly the same way. I acknowledge that mental and physical agony is much akin.

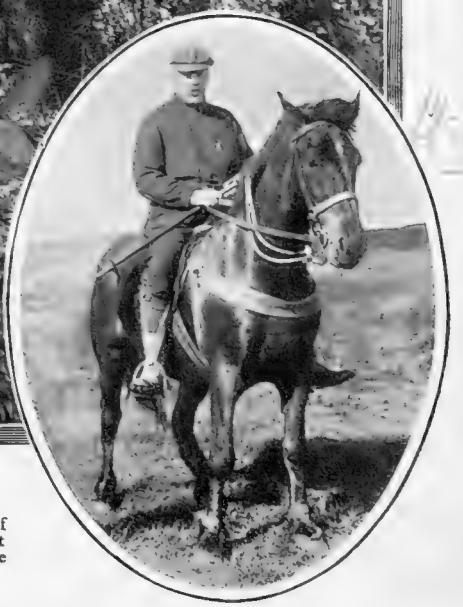
My object in these remarks is to urge those many would-be sportsmen to try and minimise the widespread suffering they so often cause. This they can do by being less reckless in the way they attempt *long shots*; by keeping calm and cool and repressing excitement; and by practising a little by a visit or two to a shooting school before they attempt to shoot live game. The value of these schools and practice-grounds cannot be too highly commended, for here a man can be taught to shoot straight in an inconceivably short space of time. Our best shots, in fact, make a point of going to them for practice before each season commences, for the purpose of getting their eye "in," and for working those muscles which come into play when shooting.

Shooting, like cricket, billiards, tennis, and all games, needs practice, and it is, therefore, quite useless for a man to join a party of experienced shots and expect to hold his own or even make a decent show if he has previously had no practice. Then it is that the poor birds suffer, and so does the temper of host and keepers. There are many men who are quite happy in merely being out and loosing off their gun, and are perfectly callous as to whether they down their bird or merely wound it. This may be all very well for the embryo gunner, though in reality he is the one who alone makes shooting cruel. The cruelty would be reduced to vanishing point if men of this description would follow the lead of those who can shoot, and take a course of practice and advice from instructors at one of the many shooting schools close at hand.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

A Wideawake Cavendish!

LORD HARTINGTON, THE FUTURE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, VERY MUCH ALERT ON THE MOORS



THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON

Son and heir of the Duke of Devonshire, on his father's moors at Bolton Abbey. In view of the somewhat somnolent traditions of the famous house, we a e glad to be able to record that there looks to be little of the dormouse about his future Grace. Inset are portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, taken on the moors

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

George's Story

GEORGE is a very keen Protectionist and extremely proud of his French. He owns a motor-car, which is invariably "the best car and the greatest marvel on the market," and he is—or should I say *but* he is?—a cheerful, sunny-minded man of means. So when I met George outside the Café Napolitain, sat down with him, ordered mine, and asked him whether Mrs. George were well and whether he were happy, I was a little bit surprised at his answer. "Don't be a silly ass," he said. I stared at him in surprise till my cigar went out. George gave me one of his (there are few clouds without a silver lining), lit one himself, and grunted.

"I told him I wasn't going to hover like a lost soul between Italy and France until next day"
By Droit

On the Frontier

"Sir," he said, "I have just come up from Italy in the car. And this is what happened to me at the frontier. I got there on a Sunday afternoon at five. We were glad to get away from Italy because the roads had been prepared with olive oil and macaroni which the Italian officials couldn't eat, and—well, there! Italian roads are indescribable. So we were glad when we found ourselves rapping at the door of France, Mentone-Garavan. We rapped at the door of France for twenty minutes. There was a thing in uniform who sat on the carburetter, and told us to 'Attendy, attendy minute,' as though we were a kindergarten class, but the worm with a stripe on his arm and the title of brigadier was having his Sunday afternoon nap. I roused him at last with the siren. It would make the Seven Sleepers dance a two-step, that siren would. And when the brigadier chap came out he was peevish, and told us the office was closed.

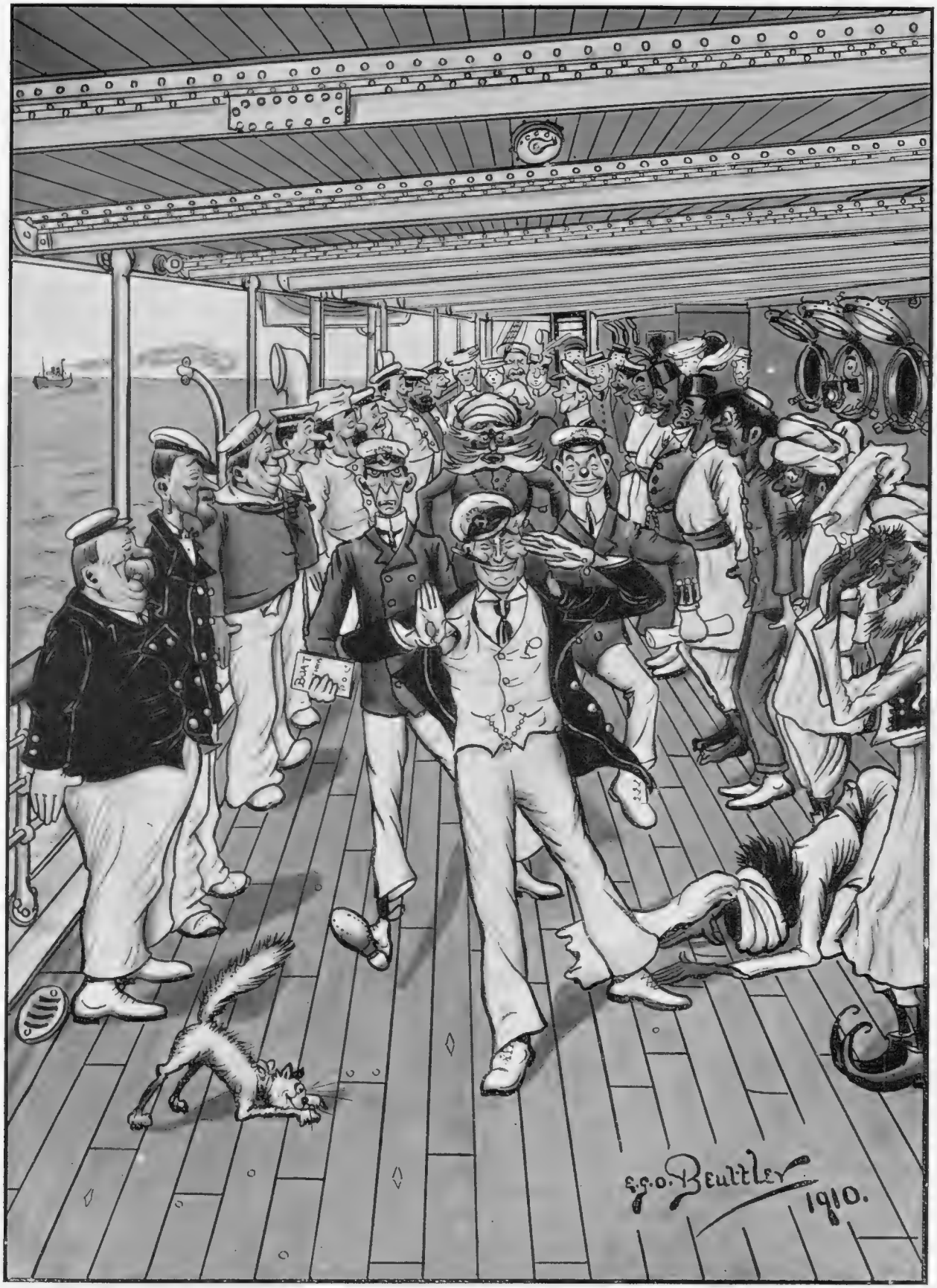
Madame George

"I spoke to him in French, German, and Italian, with about as much English in them as there is carbonic acid gas and water in this whiskey wash here. The man wouldn't be my long-lost brother, wouldn't let us through without examination, and wouldn't examine the luggage because it was Sunday. I told him I wasn't going to hover like a lost soul between Italy and France until next day. He told me that it wouldn't make much difference if I did wait until to-morrow, because to-morrow was a holiday, and the office would be closed then, too. My wife began to cry. She said her mother was turned fifty, and she wanted to see her again before old age carried her off. That made me pretty desperate, and I offered to pension the man off for life. 'Voo appartenny à moi si je payez any damnd sum you like,' I said. Then he got angry, and said I was trying to bribe a French official.

One Hundred and a Blessing

"I saw myself in handcuffs and in prison, when a man came up who spoke French and knew English. 'Have you got any cigars?' he said. I had some good ones. 'Give me a handful,' said my saviour. He took the brigadier worm round the corner, and the beast came back with one of my shilling Romeo and Juliettes in his ugly mouth. Then, as a favour, he and the other thing in uniform opened our trunks and spread my wife's new lingerie all over fifteen square yards of the roads of France. It had rained that morning, too. He had a little stub of pencil and a dirty bit of paper, with which he worked, and he told me after an hour's labour that I owed France eighty-seven francs and umpty ump centimes. 'Give him a hundred francs and don't wait for the change,' said the man who had acted as interpreter. I gave him a hundred francs, and was going to give him my blessing, but the stranger stopped me. He said he knew what the blessing was likely to be, and he thought I might regret it if it came out. So I swallowed it down, and we got into Mentone an hour after everyone had finished dinner. My word! They may talk about the *entente cordiale*, but I'm pretty sick of it. And I am going to be a Free Trader now, though it ruins the country. Protection! I needed that pretty badly when Mrs. George got me alone." And the worst of this experience of George's is that it is hardly at all exaggerated. If France be not more careful of her petty officialism, she will keep visitors out of the country altogether.

Life in the Mercantile Marine



No. VI.—A CAPTAIN AT LAST! AND LORD OF ALL HE SURVEYS

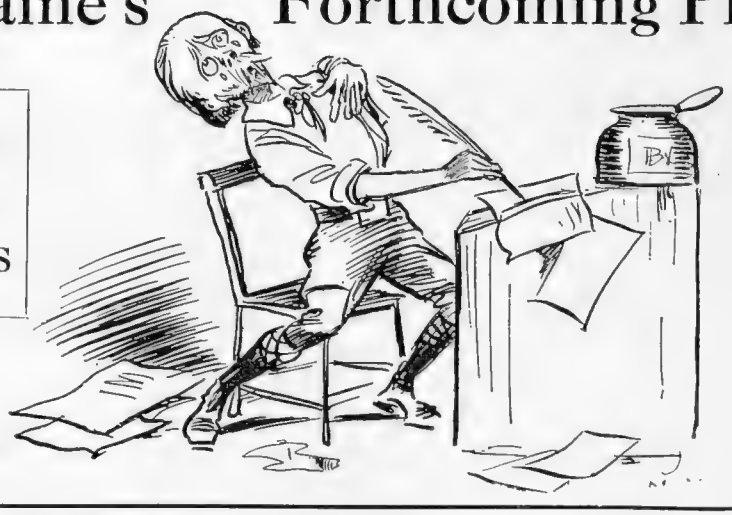
BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

(Previous episodes have appeared in our issues of June 1, 15, 22, July 27, and August 17)

Mr. Hall Caine's Forthcoming Plays

THREATENED AUTUMNAL HEART-THROBS

Eagerly Anticipated by "JINGLE" and NORMAN MORROW



AS there was such a dearth of really good drama last season, Mr. Hall Caine has very kindly written three plays on his own account, and is, he announces, about to produce them. He does not say whether he will hire any of the existing theatres for his purpose or whether he will have special theatres built, but no doubt he will be careful to see that the production in each case is worthy of his great genius. As the plays have not yet been produced, it is obvious that I cannot have seen them; but Mr. Hall Caine has supplied such liberal details of them to the public Press that I will be bold enough to imagine that his descriptions practically amount to a trial performance in each case. Mr. Hall Caine has called his first play *The Bishop's Son*, and it is written upon a subject so delicate and so sacred that he says he was only able to attempt it after "taking my heart in both hands." This does not, it is true, leave much room for holding a pen; but, then, Mr. Hall Caine is no ordinary man, and obstacles that would appal small people like ourselves are trifles to him.

THE Bishop's Son is, apparently, an extension of the original idea contained in the same author's well-known masterpiece, *Ben-my-Chree* (Manx for "Woman of My Heart"). The story is that of a guilty man who lives all by himself in a "tholthan" (Manx for "one-roomed cottage"), partly to "suffer the pangs and purgings of his own soul" and partly to elude the vigilance of the Inspector Dew of the period. I presume that one of the scenes at least will be laid in the "tholthan," and as no one else but the solitary resident will be allowed to get near the limelight, it is obvious that there will be what professionals call a very "fat" part for the actor-manager who is lucky enough to secure this dazzling masterpiece.

THE inhabitant of the "tholthan" (which, by the way, sounds a little tongue-tied) will be a retired murderer, and Mr. Hall Caine will endeavour to show not only the poor fellow's downfall, but the touching circumstances under which his sinful soul was turned from evil to good. This pleasing result is usually effected (at least nominally) by the prison chaplain; but in the play no doubt Mr. Hall Caine will give us all the psychological details, so that, if necessary, we can do it for ourselves at any time. The Russian novelist, Dostoieffsky, has already done something of the kind in his "Crime and Punishment"; while Tom Hood attempted to enlarge on the same theme in the "Dream of Eugène Aram"; but it is clear that we are now about to see a much more masterly treatment of the subject.

THE second play brings us right up to date. Part of its newspaper description is headed "The Crippen Chase Anticipated," so that it is obvious that in this instance Mr. Hall Caine will be talking to us about something we can all understand. After all, psychology is not yet one of the exact sciences, whereas "wireless" and the *Daily Mail* are dead-sure things.

Even the severe metaphysicians who decline to concede the proofs of human existence must admit those two phenomena at least. In this play also there is a guilty man, who is tracked by telegraph, and, as Mr. Hall Caine says, it is, indeed, an interesting coincidence that something of the kind should have happened in real life just as his drama on the subject is about to be produced. It is better to be born lucky than rich, anyway; and it would be a thousand pities to let the "Bio" halls have all the advantage accruing from the latest newspaper sensation. With regard to this play, however, Mr. Hall Caine gives a hint that must damp the ardour of his admirers who may be already inquiring as to when the first production is due. The fact is that Mr. R. A. Roberts, the gentleman chosen for the leading part, is not disengaged at present, and it will be necessary for even Mr. Hall Caine to wait till Mr. Roberts is at liberty. If this is the Mr. R. A. Roberts who is famous for his clever impersonations of "double" parts, he is certainly worth waiting for. We are evidently going to have some "quick-change" business of a very high order, though I trust Mr. Hall Caine will beware of falling into the error of the celebrated theatrical manager who had a fine, stirring scene in which two men fight a duel while a third runs in to separate them, and who thoughtlessly allotted all the parts to one "quick-change" actor.

OBVIOUSLY THIS MUST BE ONE OF MR CAINES CHARACTERS!

FOUR INEVITABLE CHARACTERS

in the forthcoming Hall Caine plays—anticipated by Norman Morrow

THE third of Mr. Hall Caine's plays he has called the *Eternal Question*, because it seems to him to be likely to continue till "the crack of doom." More or less. It is all about the divorce problem, and can at least claim the merit of being an absorbing subject, because the world is divided mostly into two classes—those who are unmarried and those who are waiting to be. In his manifesto to the whole world (and to all others whom it may concern) Mr. Hall Caine begins by conveying the impression that he has taken quite an original view of the great question. In effect he asks: If polygamy is not unnatural, why should polyandry be so? But the answer to this is that it isn't—as we know from the history of Tibet, and the domestic economy of the Nairs of Malabar. It is necessary to distinguish here between "nature" and civilised usage—not always the same thing. Mr. Hall Caine does not make it clear that he is going to discuss the "Eternal Question" on any other than the usual conventional lines that have been talked-out time and

again. He mentions, as if it were a strong point in his favour, that he has had the opportunity of discussing the question of divorce with the present Bishop of London and Cardinal Merry del Val, both of whom very naturally take the severely ecclesiastical view of the question. But with all proper deference to these eminent prelates, it must be pointed out that

An Important Feature of all Hall Caine's Dramas

the first of them is (I understand) a bachelor, and the other, of course, a vowed celibate, and it is clear, therefore, that neither of them has any other than a theoretical or secondhand knowledge of the difficulty. And divorce is such a dreadfully practical matter.

MR. HALL CAINE, in his exhaustive study of the subject, seems to have carefully eliminated the only views that are likely to have any sort of influence on the future at all—the views of the women themselves. Of course, I may be mistaken. I have been so frequently mistaken that the occasional recurrence of the fact nowadays does not give me any very considerable shock. I know nothing of Mr. Hall Caine's play beyond what he has given out to the world, and to such eavesdroppers as there may be in the other planets; but he dwells with a certain amount of pride on the fact that in his new play he deals not only with divorced wives, but with women who have been parted by circumstances from the men who were their husbands in all but the conventional sense. This, however, is already a familiar question on the Continent. The very modern French novels and plays deal with little else. Mr. Hall Caine further claims to have drafted a play "in which the different views might be presented while the author stood apart as a more or less impartial witness."

I WONDER whether he has represented the views of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for instance. I assume that he has not done so, because he talks of the "frightful odds at which woman stands by reason of her sex" and "the blind alley into which she seems to walk the moment she is parted from the man to whom she first belongs," and these drawbacks seem to him to be final and conclusive. But surely that side of the question has been done to death already. A fresher aspect of the case is from the modern woman's point of view, which holds that these "frightful odds" have been specially designed by man-made laws in order to emphasise the erratic male theory of proprietorship; and that if the conditions had been reversed the sex of man would have been just as disadvantageous to him. This is certainly a new way to look at the fine old problem, and if Mr. Hall Caine can "spatchcock" a point of view of that sort into what seems to me his rather stereotyped horizon, we can promise ourselves some entertainment from this one, at least, of the plays he is about to offer an expectant universe. I think he would widen his outlook very considerably if he had a brief chat with one or two of the leaders of the Suffragist movement, though he might object that, in such a case, the lady would want to do all the talking and thus infringe his own recognised patent in that respect. And after all, when you have undertaken to convince the common people of the good of Royal Commissions, you do not want to be hampered by considerations of time or space.

IF Mr. Hall Caine has merely decided to argue in a circle and arrive at the old conclusions with mechanical precision—as would seem to be the case by his admission that the divorce question is insoluble—it does not seem to me that his very elaborate puff preliminary will be of much use to him, because the hypothesis on which his conclusions are based is being at the moment hotly contested line by line by those most interested—the ladies, bless 'em! The women say that the divorce question is only "eternal" because men started out originally on an entirely erroneous principle—refusing the really essential co-operation of the opposite sex; and, naturally, with every fresh discussion they only get deeper into the pit they have dug for themselves.

Some Incidents of an Unusually Exciting Order are Anticipated

Mr. Hall Caine recognises the right of women to have votes, and, therefore, it is the more surprising that he should, with such delightful innocence, ignore the purpose for which the vote is desired. I have much pleasure in informing him on really good authority that one of the things the ladies want the vote for is to settle the "Eternal Question" once and for all; and if Mr. Hall Caine does not make haste and produce his play he will find there is no question left to answer.

JINGLE.

A New Princess for Daly's

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ALICE O'BRIEN

Who is now playing Miss Lily Elsie's part in "The Dollar Princess" at Daly's Theatre with considerable success. Her singing is phenomenally beautiful

Proposed Martyrdom of Suffragettes

It is reported that certain Suffragettes, disappointed with the results of their militant campaign, and rendered furious by the co
mere sufferance of imprisonment. Our cartoon suggests the eff

Intense Anxiety Beyond the Pale

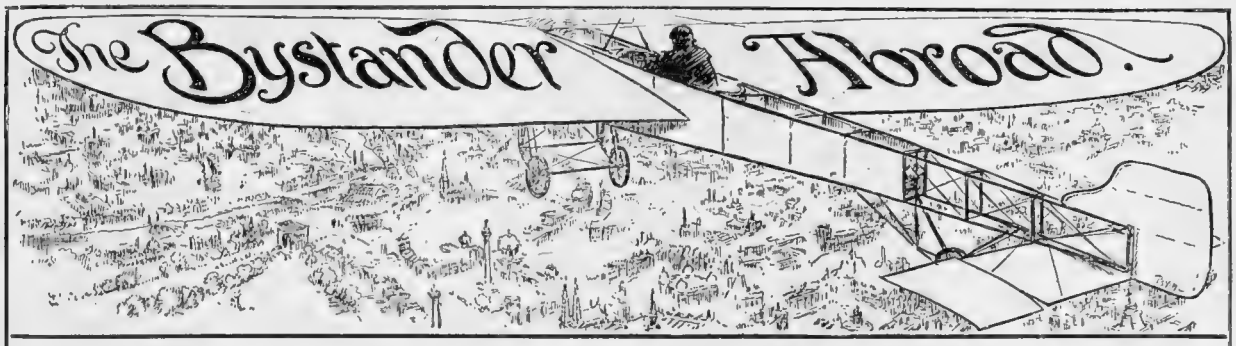
pse of the Bill recently introduced into the Commons, contemplate going a step further in the direction of martyrdom than the t of this announcement on the rival supernatural authorities

BY MARK FENDERSON

An Idyll of the Sun and Sand

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

A MERRY, MODERN MERMAID DISCOVERED BY TWO INQUISITIVE POMERANIANS ON THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT



France Arm-in-arm with Switzerland: Austria's Future Ruler: Holiday-making at Marienbad, Deauville, and Blankenberghe

The Franco-Swiss Entente

Unfortunately, the terrible railway disaster in the South of France, which once more throws the French into national mourning, brings M. Fallières's visit to Switzerland to an unforeseen end. The visit was the result of long negotiations between the two Republics, and the Berne authorities made special efforts to see that its official character was stamped with some ceremonial. The German Emperor, the Kings of Italy, Humbert I. and Victor Emmanuel, have briefly put in appearances on different points of Swiss territory, where federal authorities have saluted them. The Shah of Persia and the King of Siam have also made official visits, but this is the first time that the chief of a European State honours them with an official visit, and they are flattered, to say the least of it. The Swiss are never very demonstrative. In international politics they are neutral; of their own politics many are somewhat ignorant or indifferent, and I well remember when last I visited Switzerland not finding one man who could tell me as much as the name of their President.

The Honest Swiss

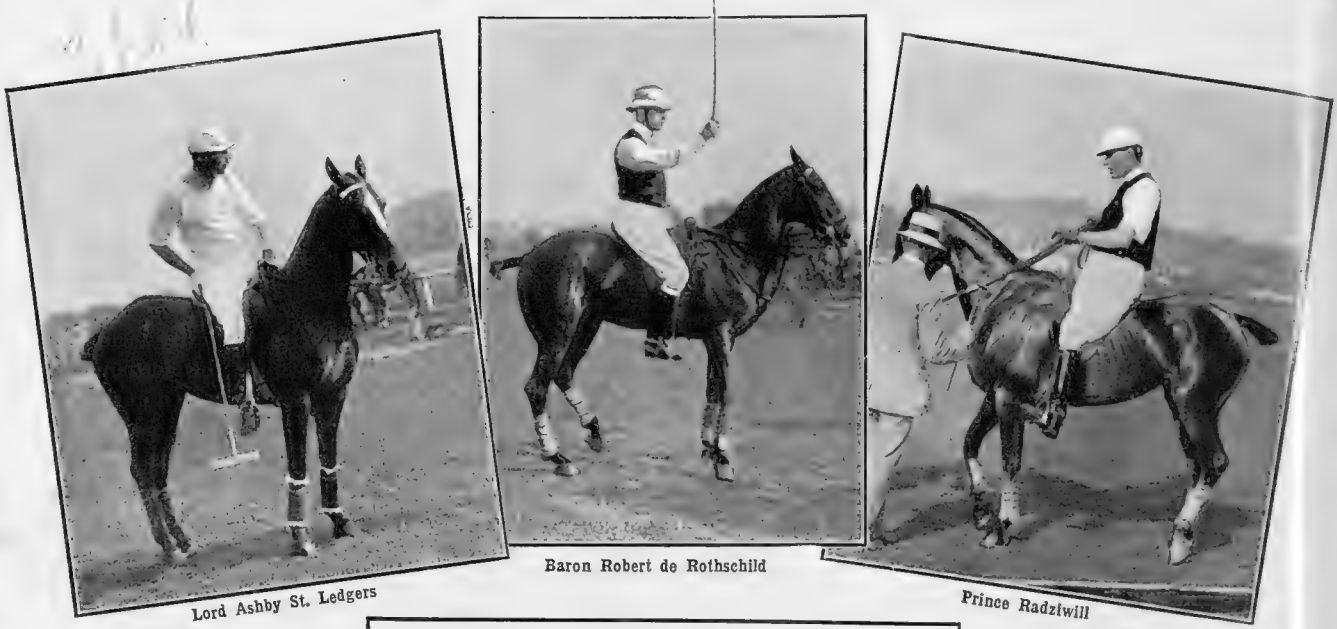
France has gone slowly and surely, and has always respected in every way the wishes of the Republic for independence. Except for a slight rupture during the Méline Ministry, the two countries have been linked loosely together by commercial relations which could not be broken by political considerations. Although France does not in any way intend to "interfere" with Switzerland and her independence, she is as alive to the value of Switzerland as an "industrial asset" as is Germany to the value of Belgium. Switzerland rather resents the fact that her income should be derived from tourists only. More and more is her great water power being used for industrial purposes. Winterthun and Zurich already count as industrial centres of Europe. One of the assets of the Swiss is their traditional honesty. In France the caretaker, or *homme de confiance*, of the Church is called a "Suisse." The Papal Guard is a Suisse Guard. Swiss servants are world-renowned for their honesty, cleanliness, love of hard work, and all-round proficiency. Their "domestic schools" are worthy of imitation in any other land. France and M. Fallières are to be congratulated on at last bringing the much-desired Franco-Swiss *entente* into realisation.

The Oldest Monarch

With the celebration of the eightieth birthday of the aged Emperor of Austria comes a feeling of sadness mingled with curiosity—sadness because, in spite of his iron constitution, the fact remains that he cannot be much longer with us, and curiosity as to what will happen in the future. The opinions about the future are so divided that it is difficult to say with any certainty what is in store for

Prince Francis of Teck (centre) on the Famous Promenade at Marienbad
He is at present taking the cure. The season this year loses its most illustrious *habitué* in the late King Edward, yet Marienbad is full to overflowing, and many well-known English people are present

Austria-Hungary. If, as is said, it is the old Emperor's sympathetic personality which keeps the Empire together, in spite of the Separatist feelings, it remains to be seen how far his successor will be capable of preventing these Separatist feelings from producing their effect and bringing about a disruption. Francis Ferdinand will come to the throne with a free hand. Although in Hungary he is considered to be behind every movement, he has had the determination never to compromise himself by any statements or actions which would be detrimental to him in the future. Determination is the only quality which can be ascribed to him with any certainty. And if he is determined to keep his Empire together, he will in all probability be successful.



Lord Ashby St. Ledgers — Baron Robert de Rothschild — Prince Radziwill

POLO PLAYERS AT DEAUVILLE

Where the annual tournaments have been thoroughly enjoyable. The Club has had the finest season for many years, and the pretty resort has been crowded with English visitors as a consequence

Prosperous Marienbad

Marienbad, thrown upon its own merits, has had a more flourishing season than ever, and yet everybody speaks with deep regret of the familiar figure who loved it so well and who was its chief centre of attraction for so many years. It is not a game of "follow my leader" this year. With very few exceptions, those who are staying in this beautiful little Bohemian *bad* give all their energies to getting well. Salts, baths, adipose tissue—subjects which would be considered improper under ordinary circumstances—are of vital interest to everybody. The Golf Club, where during King Edward's stay there was the fashionable tea club, is now only frequented by those who have "taken to golf" seriously. Journalists are conspicuous by their absence, few go to the theatre, fewer still to the concerts; in short, life in Marienbad is what it was originally intended to be—a kind of simple life cure, with salts, mud baths, and lovely pine forests thrown in. For those who have had to accustom themselves to "all night" sittings, nothing could be more restful than the "early to bed, early to rise" adage put into practice. The clock striking 9.30 is the curfew which warns all serious *kurgaste* that it is time to prepare for bed, and if by any chance you return to your rooms aften ten, the dear little *kur ort* nestling in the dark branches of the surrounding pines is already deep in slumber and every light is extinguished.

The Hon. Neil Primrose, M.P.

Both Lord Dalmeny and Lord Rosebery's second son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, are excellent polo players, and Mr. Primrose has enjoyed some keen games at Deauville

A Contrast in "Cures"

I simply love to watch these *malades imaginaires*—for if you go to Marienbad you must pretend to be ill whether you are or not—tugging up the hills, pedometer in hand, walking, walking, walking as if their salvation depended on it; and the ring of anæmic maidens seated round the ambrosial well sucking in iron water through glass tubes till the roses return to their lifeless cheeks; and the mountains of flesh lying on the massage table ready to be beaten into some kind of conventional form. Yes, truly the *kur* at Marienbad has become very serious indeed. Nothing could form a greater contrast than life in Marienbad and Deauville. If you are going to do Deauville seriously, it is as well to finish up with Marienbad, for Deauville is one round of gaiety. Unless you are French, it seems to me, Trouville-Deauville will not be much good to you. Trouville-Deauville is the kind of master of ceremonies who decrees "who's who" in French Society, and to do Trouville well sends you with a rush high up the social ladder. "Oh! don't you know who she is?" says Mme. X as Mme. Z's social bearings are being taken. "Why she is the person who bought all that lace and

Knitting in the Sun

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age."

—SHAKESPEARE'S *Twelfth Night*

A Part of the Mile-and-a-Half-Long Bathing Beach at Blankenberghe

fur in the Rue de la Paix and gave such expensive luncheon-parties at the Roches Noires." For those who have not the wherewithal "to make a splash," life in Trouville-Deauville is impossible. It is the correct thing to take motor-cars, polo ponies, and a yacht if possible, and all vie with each other in losing or winning as much as possible at Bridge and the tables. When I visited Trouville I persuaded my wealthy American hostess to exercise her handsome Napier and show me Normandy. And a lovely trip we had! Even as I write the memory of that dear old William the Conqueror Hotel at Dives, with its antique furniture and ivy-clad walls, is with me as vividly as if I had visited it yesterday. You can sit in the old chair and toast your toes (the fire burns the whole year round) as Duke William did hundreds of years ago whilst he sat waiting for a fair wind to blow him across the Channel to his new kingdom. The Conqueror's beer-mug, the signatures of his Chevaliers (genuine!) are delightful illustrations to a chapter in the history of the Conquest. It seems almost like a desecration to find oneself once more back in Trouville, fighting among hats of colossal dimensions for a place at the tables, watching scantily clad ladies throwing away thousands, to be envied by their neighbours! If these are twentieth-century social ideals, give me, for one, the good old days, when a wife's great ambition was to glorify her lord and master's life, if only with a needle and a bit of canvas.

The Casino and the Plage at Blankenberghe

An Idyllic Retreat

Blankenberghe has had a very prosperous season this year. Visitors to the ill-fated Brussels Exhibition have been glad to avail themselves of its "reasonable prices" and healthy occupations and bathing. For bathing in this one-time Flemish fishing village is not a secondary attraction to gambling, which is so highly disapproved of by the many straitlaced subjects of King Albert. It is for this reason they gladly leave Ostend to a cosmopolitan crowd which takes possession of it and bury themselves in the charming surroundings of Blankenberghe.

"All-a-Blowing and a-Shrinking"
Bathers' costumes drying in the afternoon at Blankenberghe

Photographs *Ward Muir*

The Junior Members of the Family Watch Papa and Mamma Entering the Water at Blankenberghe

THE ASSIGNATION

By LINDA LINDEMANN

YOU must not fancy that Virginia wished to spy upon Peter; in spite of the assertion—often repeated in after years—that she was "well rid of him," she hated the impulse which moved her to discover his secret.

A retentive memory, coincidence, and a taste for adventure, brought about the crisis. These worked havoc with Virginia—motherless Virginia, newly engaged and in search of a dressmaker worthy to deck her for the flight to Italy.

Joan, the much-admired friend, in a moment of thoughtlessness, revealed the name of a street.

"Your dressmaker lives there?" queried Virginia eagerly.

Joan smoothed her admirable skirt and nodded.

"Her name?" breathed Virginia.

Joan evaded the question. She loved Virginia, but she could not share Madame Poincette with her.

. . . . .

Given the name of a street, there remains some difficulty in picking out, from among numerous dressmakers' establishments, the particular "artist" who dresses one's best and most beautiful friend.

Virginia paused at last before a swing-door with "Madame Paula, Milliner," on it.

Joan had once written a note in Virginia's boudoir, and for days afterwards Virginia had puzzled over the half-effaced "Madame P." on the blotting-paper.

"Madame Paula!" she exclaimed, as she pushed open the door and went upstairs. On the first landing was a door marked, "Gone out; inquire upstairs." The words were familiar to her, and now the swing-door, downstairs, seemed familiar too. By degrees she became convinced that she had visited this house before; that here was something of which she knew the sequel.

There was a small window on the landing. Bewildered, she peered out from this window, trying to find some clue to the mystery of her sensations. She looked into the yard of a large emporium and saw, on the vans driving in and out, the familiar name of Yarrow and Co. The yard was no part of the former experience, she decided. On the contrary, this name of a celebrated London firm clashed with her vague recollections.

Suddenly the feeling of bewilderment passed, and Virginia laughed her relief.

She remembered that just such a place, with these identical notices, had been described in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Studies in Wives." The peculiar assignation had made a great impression on her young, inquisitive mind. Now, like a lesson learned by rote, the words recurred to her.

"Will you meet me one day this week, to-morrow if you can, at No. 15, Calthorpe Street? Four o'clock is the safest time for me. Between the two small shops you will see a swing-door with 'Madame Paula, Milliner,' on it; push it open, and go straight upstairs. On the first landing you will see a door with 'Gone out; inquire upstairs,' on it. Push up the door-knob (don't try to turn it), and walk in. The room will be empty, but you will see a door leading to a back room; push *up* the knob, and there—there you will find. . . ."

She said the words half aloud, as though they formed an exorcism; then, repeating "Push up the door-knob," she suited action to the words, grasping the knob with trembling hands.

It yielded to the upward pressure, and the door swung open on noiseless hinges.

Virginia, smiling with childish enjoyment of the adventure, walked into a barely furnished room. Pins and threads littered the worn carpet; on the table were scattered fashion-plates and pattern-books; a couch beneath the window held a mauve satin cloak. At the further end of the room stood a large screen, forming a sort of box at right angles with the door leading to a back room. Virginia moved towards this door, and found that here there was no necessity to push *up* the knob. The door stood ajar already; it opened wider at her touch, and she found herself behind another screen. Wondering how far this *roman vecu* would coincide with the story, she was about to examine the room, when the rasping of a pen changed her purpose. She drew back, and peeped through a partition of the screen.

A man, with his back towards the door, was sitting at a small davenport in the window. Beside him, supporting herself against his shoulder, knelt a woman.

The man was undoubtedly Peter. Virginia knew this at once, although the woman's preposterous hat and *coiffure* prevented a clear vision of his head. Almost as quickly Virginia had seen that the woman was lovely and alluring as she herself could never hope to be.

(All rights strictly reserved)

She had felt, sometimes, that Joan's rich beauty contrasted dangerously with her own pale hair and eyes. There had even been a moment when she doubted the wisdom of introducing her *fiancé* to her friend. The meeting, however, proved uneventful, and Peter, questioned later on, had said: "Miss Arkland is like a faultless carnation. And you are a pink. The pink of perfection." This seemed satisfactory, if incredible.

Now, Virginia understood only too well that the wonderful creature clinging to Peter must eclipse everyone else. If Joan could not rival the woman, how much less could she. In this moment the subjective contemplation of the scene before her became objective. She had realised that the contest with such a paragon was of so unequal a nature that she must renounce all hope of fighting for her lover. If Peter would not come willingly she was powerless to lure him.

She turned away with tear-filled eyes, when a murmur of voices arrested her. The woman was speaking and sobbing.

"A cheque. What do I care for a cheque? That cannot replace you. . . . Oh, have mercy! . . . Tell me you won't desert me. I *have* done wrong, horribly wrong, but see my punishment. You used to say that I was beautiful; look at me now!"

Virginia could not resist the temptation to see her rival once more. She approached the partition again.

Peter had risen; the woman crouched at his feet. Her arms were outstretched, her head was thrown back. Peter stooped, and, taking the white face between his hands, he kissed it.

"Your beauty has not changed," he said gently. "Come, get up, Sancha, and tell me you will be reasonable."

He put the cheque into her palm, and folded her fingers upon it.

She seemed to rise from the floor like a whirlwind.

"No, no, don't buy me off!" she cried passionately. "If you *must* marry this girl, then do so. If I *must* go away, then command me, but don't pay me to obey your wishes."

"I don't pay you," he replied sadly.

Then she commenced to sob again, and flung herself at his feet, and kissed his hands, and spoke incoherently. He lifted her on to a sofa, and sat beside her.

"Be good, be good," he pleaded. "Sancha, how could I let you meet my wife?"

"I don't want to meet her," she wailed. "I want you to come and see me sometimes. I will meet you here, in this hateful little place, if you are afraid of going to my flat. Anywhere, anywhere," she cried, clinging to him.

"Virginia would find out," he objected. "And could I tell her?" he queried. "Explain your—your peculiar position to her and my world to an eighteen-year-old child? Do you realise that she has read nothing, seen nothing, and learnt nothing that could in any way have familiarised her with the hard facts I should tell her?" He shuddered, and Sancha moved away.

"How you love her!" she muttered.

There followed a long silence. Virginia tried to go, but found herself weak and helpless. She leaned against the open door, and closed her eyes.

After some moments the voices recommenced.

They seemed very far away. Virginia could not understand what they said. The deep voice spoke continuously; the feminine voice interpolated small cries of fear and grief. Presently Peter's voice became more distinct. Virginia heard him say:

"In years to come we shall certainly meet again. When Virginia knows me better—is older—less youthful and hard in her judgments. When you, Sancha, have proved that your obedience to me is not feigned—as it has so often been—but real. Should my wife find out then, we could come to some arrangement."

"Ah, treachery," wailed Virginia's heart.

"And meanwhile," he continued, "I shall write to you."

"Often?" pleaded Sancha.

"Yes," he said firmly. "Very often." And suddenly he was kneeling beside her and speaking hoarsely.

"Sancha, Sancha, let me send you the cheques. I want to—I must—I must know that you have everything, and that no material temptations can change your purpose. The allowance will be a link between us when the natural ties are broken. Every flower you buy will be a gift from me."

"Very well," whispered Sancha, and leaned her cheek against Peter. Virginia thought that Love had drawn a curious likeness upon the two faces.

"And now," said Peter, "I must be off. I dine with Virginia and her father to-night."

His voice became joyous. "Oh, Sancha, you have always said that I was blind to love. How thankful I am to have waited in darkness for this pale slip of a girl to bring me into the light."

He stood up, and Virginia started back. It became her one desire to hide from this treacherous lover. She darted towards the further door, only to find that she could not reach it in time. Quickly she re-crossed the room, and passed behind the box-like screen.

The flutter of her movements had just subsided when Peter's voice sounded close to the door.

"Whenever we meet," he was saying, "I am afraid that Virginia will question me. I feel guilty of hiding something from her and her wistful eyes. And I want to give her all the care that I selfishly withheld from you. I want to try and make up in this for the carelessness I showed towards that other motherless girl. And so long as I can shield her she must know nothing of the things that are . . . that are——"

"Wicked," said Sancha in a hard voice. At that word she savoured to the full the curse of the outcast. A sudden great longing arose within her to regain her self-respect through atonement and sacrifice.

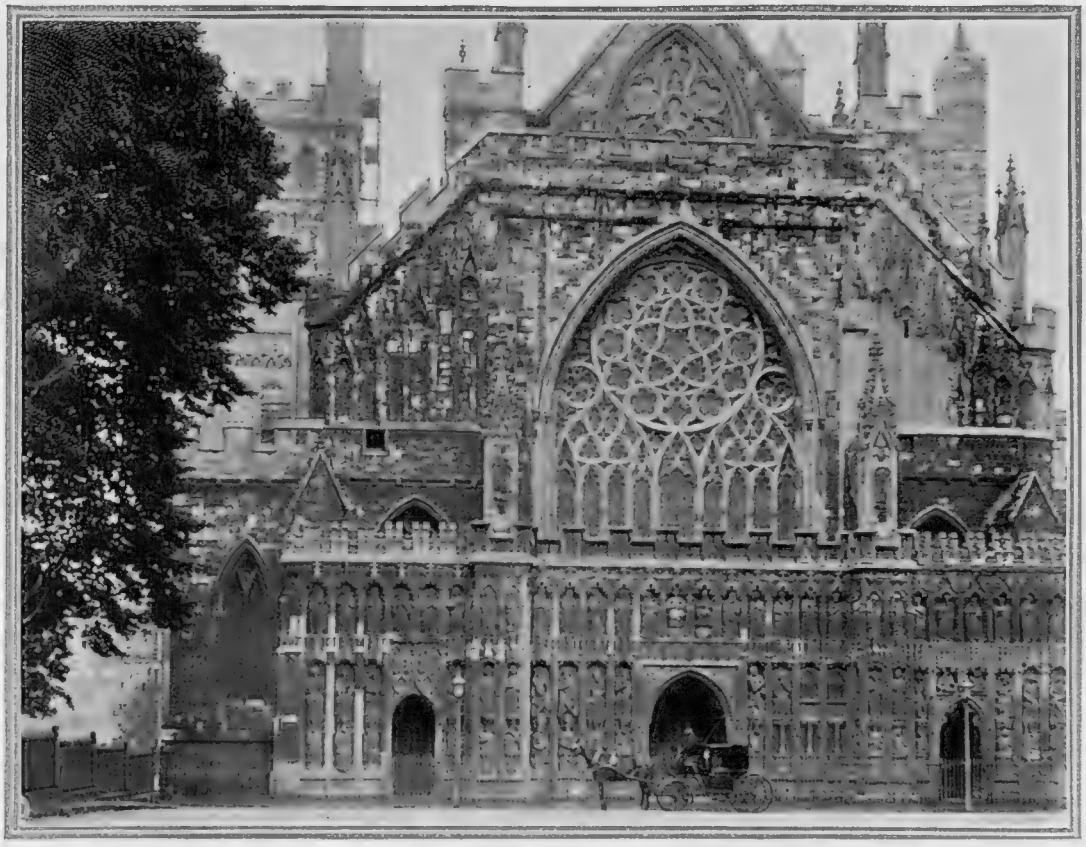
"Now I know," she exclaimed, "how I can repay you, Peter. I *will* obey you; I will go away and keep straight if you promise me that Virginia shall never know anything about me."

With curious contradiction it became his turn to struggle against a complete separation now that Sancha's changed attitude made the parting imminent.

"But later on," he reasoned, "we *must* meet. I cannot again sacrifice you to myself. If you were not strong enough to stand alone during those years when I was a mere money-making fellow in the States, how far less can you do so now that you have come to lean upon me! I want you to feel that the future holds

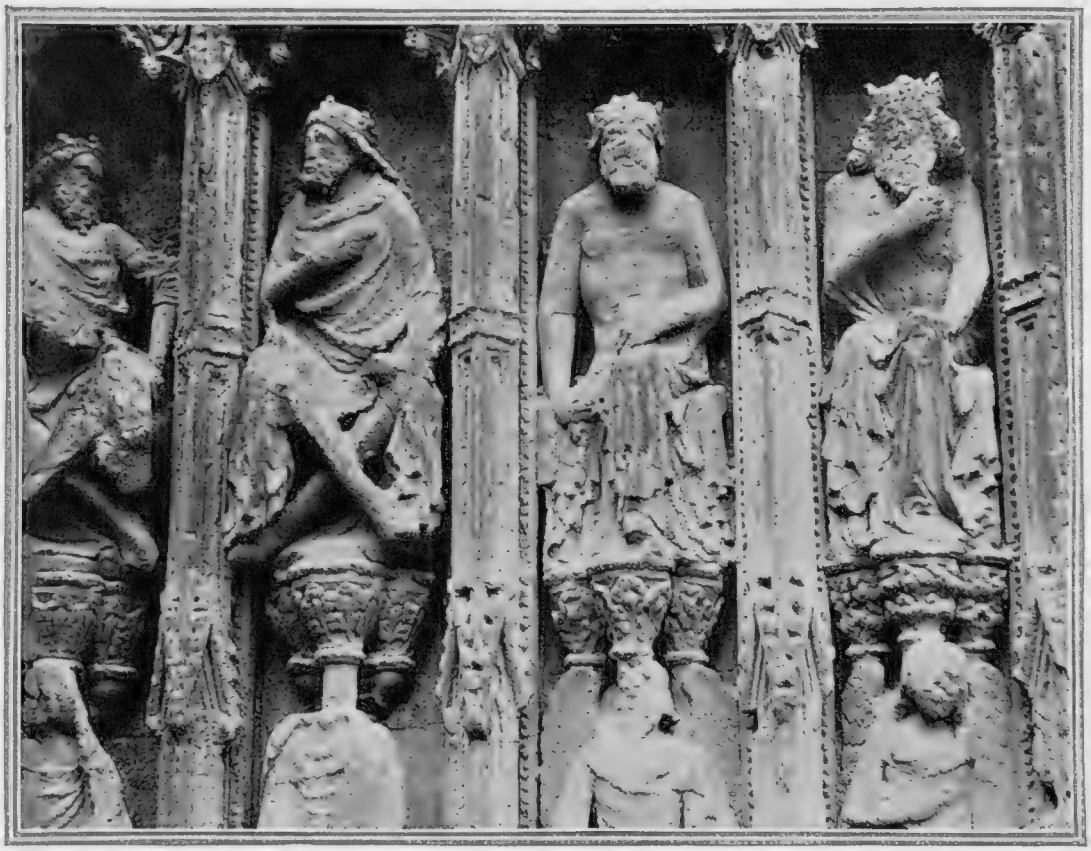
(Continued on page 400)

Two Views of Exeter Cathedral



THE WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

Showing the magnificently decorated Gothic window and the innumerable niches, all containing battered statues of the Saints and Apostles



SOME OF THE WEATHER-BATTERED PATRIARCHS AND SAINTS IN THE NICHES OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

It would not be easy to identify these badly treated gentlemen who are the outstanding feature of the exterior of Exeter Cathedral. The statues are all presumably of holy men of days gone by, but their appearance nowadays is decidedly rakish

(Continued from page 398)

something to live for. The future must stand for reunion."

"If that were possible," she faltered. Her voice rose, throbbing with emotion. "Oh, you tempt me, Peter! I am so weak, so swayed with every impulse. I haven't got myself in hand—no, not one little bit. I fly into extremes—tears or laughter, despair or wild hope. No, no, don't contradict me. Help me to fight against myself instead of weakening my resolve."

Her voice failed her. This unusual fight against her dominant self left her breathless. She clasped Peter's hand. "Promise," she whispered. "Virginia shall never know who I am until I ask you to tell her. Your promise shall work my salvation, Peter."

. . . . . .

When the sound of footsteps had died away Virginia came from behind the screen. She breathed convulsively, but her face was bravely composed.

As she passed through the dusty room and down the stairs she decided upon Peter's fate. She revised her decision at the swing-door. Peter should be forgiven if he would confess all and repent, forswearing Sancha. Peter should be banished beyond recall if he prevaricated or parleyed. Then she stepped into the street, and the door closed finally behind her.

So bewildered was she, in spite of her calm mien, that she paused some moments to determine her way home. The street was empty of vehicles, and Virginia took a few uncertain steps in the wrong direction. At this moment a closed motor-cab wheeled into view from a side street. She hailed it, oblivious of the fact that the flag was down. The driver shook his head, then, apparently changing his mind, drew up close to the kerbstone. A man got out, flicked back the corner of a mauve cloak before closing the door, gave an order with some coin to the driver, and came towards Virginia.

He held out his hand, and she put her cold, steady fingers into his.

"I caught sight of you in the nick of time," he said. "I shall take you home. You ought not to be out alone. Especially at this hour."

She made no reply. Her eyes appeared to see Peter for the first time. They looked unmoved at his radiant face. He became uneasy beneath her scrutiny.

"What——" he commenced.

At once she spoke, fixing her pitiless eyes upon his.

"I saw you with this woman, this *Sancha* as I may call her, I suppose, since you called me Virginia to her." Only wounded pride made her voice quiver. She halted to regain control of herself, then broke out, raising her hand to silence his agonised questioning.

"Where? How? I have seen her, I have seen her . . . close to you. . . . What does it matter 'where' and 'how' I saw her? You love her; *that* matters! I am to share your thoughts, your heart, *that* matters. Peter, Peter, my trust in you is killed. Only tell me the truth—that alone can help you to keep me yours."

He put his hand beneath her elbow.

"We can't stand here," he said. "Take my arm. You are overwrought."

"Tell me," she insisted, drawing away from his nearness.

"Tell you," he repeated. "What shall I tell you that you do not know, that you have not heard and condemned already?"

"Oh, the shame!" she faltered.

"You shall never hear of her, never see her. Virginia, if you love me, forgive her. Knowing who she is, you must surely forgive her."

"I must forgive her!" cried Virginia. "Forgive the woman who has stolen your love from me? The woman who, knowing that I was to marry you, tried to lure you back to her side?"

Peter realised, with a shock of despair, that Virginia had no idea of the truth about Sancha. And those things which she did not know he might not tell her.

"That you *were* to marry me," he said dully.

"Do you suppose that I intend to marry you after this?" queried Virginia. "I should always suspect you—be afraid of the other Sanchas you had loved before me!"

"Be quiet!" he exclaimed. Her insinuations seemed to taint her innocence. His fingers gripped her arm. She halted, and faced him. "You are mistaken about Sancha," he said, controlling himself. "Believe me, I love and have loved no one but you."

He watched a small, incredulous smile part her thin lips.

"You prevaricate," she taunted. "I can believe nothing which you cannot prove to me."

She signed to a passing hansom.

"Good-night. Good-bye. Your presents and letters you shall have to-morrow."

A pause, in which she swallowed her tears.

"So melodramatic to give you the ring now," she drawled.

"Reconsider," he implored, guarding her skirts from the wheel.

"No," she forced herself to reply, determined to resist him.

The driver, opening the trap-door, asked her destination.

"Drive on," she said hastily, "anywhere."

But Peter clung to the step. In this moment he realised that to lose Virginia now would mean to lose her for ever. Hers was a love jealous of deceit, a love lightly rooted, easily supplanted by hatred. Yet he wanted Virginia, with her cold love and tired eyes, most absolutely, and so clung to a last hope that truth, plainly spoken, might reconquer her. Desperation moved him to forget all promises of secrecy, to forget everything but this final effort.

"Virginia, listen to me," he implored. "That unhappy girl, Sancha, is . . ." he whispered two words, but could go no further.

With a movement of horror Virginia recoiled. Her attitude, the scornful twitching of her lips, told plainly that she could not believe Peter's explanation.

"Oh, leave me. Please go away," was her bitter exclamation; and then to the cabman, "Drive on, drive on."

As the horse started forward Virginia covered her face with her hands. She did not cry, and the slow pulse in her throat beat no faster. Her eyes were cold and steady when she uncovered them, satisfied that they could no longer see Peter.

"I hate him! He lied to me!" she said with intense conviction. "His sister, indeed!"

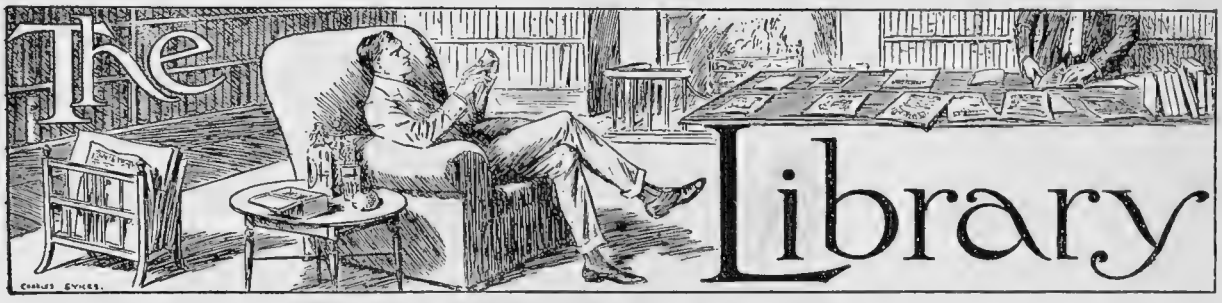
She put her slim hand up against the trap-door and began to give her address in a calm, measured voice.

LINDA LINDEMANN.

Famous Cricketers: No. 6

MR. H. K. FOSTER (WORCESTERSHIRE): A SKETCH BY THORPE

Mr. Foster is one of the finest amateur bats in the country and a grand field. He captains Worcestershire, which is sometimes called Fostershire, on account of the number of Fosters who at various times appear in its cricket eleven. He had the honour of captaining the Gentlemen both at Lord's and the Oval this year



Auction Bridge

A volume which should be read by all Bridge devotees is "*Badsworth*" *on Auction Bridge* (Putnam: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Therein will be found much that is useful for the improvement of one's game at this the latest phase of Bridge. On one point I am unable to agree with "Badsworth," however. In his introduction he states that Auction Bridge is not, as is generally supposed, more a gambler's game than Bridge. I play both games a great deal, and have generally found that playing Auction for one-third the money as at Bridge, the gain or loss is heavier. Of course, the gambling spirit enters much more into the three-handed game, as one has no partner to "let down," and is, therefore, more free to risk. Be this as it may, no Bridge-player can afford to miss "Badsworth's" little volume, which is a marvel of completeness.

"A Prisoner in Spain"

Here is one of the most fascinating stories which I have met with in the last few years (Greening: 6*s.*). It is the tale of a country squire who receives a letter of the typical Spanish Prisoner Swindle type, which is reproduced in the first chapter, and which, by the way, inspired Mr. Caine to write the yarn. The chivalrous squire had a Spanish friend at Oxford, though whether the friend was one which answered to Mr. Caine's definition of a friend—("a man who wears your clothes and calls you a silly ass")—we do not know. Anyhow, the squire investigates the case in Spain, and, incidentally, gets himself into enormous trouble. The *dénouement* is excellent, and the whole novel is so gripping that one must read the last page on the same day as the first. Certainly this must rank among the most convincing novels of the year. To mention the inner plot would be to spoil the reader's delight, but it may be mentioned that Señor Ribera, the astute Señor Hilario, and "Beeling," the Spanish rendering of very plain Billing, are characters well worthy of attention. Of course, Mercedes is a dear, and as good as she is charming. Quite a book on which the author is to be congratulated.

"The Parson's Pleasance"

This is a distinctly clerical work, by P. H. Ditchfield, a cultured parson of the old type, who finds the beautiful in many things which others miss (Mills and Boon: 10*s.*). His garden, his study, his travels, all that amuse and interest him have for him a charm which in a distinctly graceful volume he strives to enable the reader to share with him. Looked at from the modern point of view, perhaps the work is a little too pedantic. It is a book for the dreamer and for the classic, though written by a mathematician. The chapter on the parish clerk of old time is delightful, especially to the antiquary. The regulations of our predecessors for the proper conduct of Divine service, with the clerk's part greatly magnified, explain to the man of to-day the reason for always joining the "Parson and the Clerk" in one phrase. But how many real parish clerks are there now? Altogether, the book is an addition to the reader's "pleasance," and quite a refreshing volume to pass a happy afternoon with. The work is well produced.

"A Candidate for Danger"

A pretty little character-study of a woman who loved, but whose love was played with by an unscrupulous man with a title, by Evelyn Sherwood (Melrose: 6*s.*). The lady is quite convincing, her motives and morals immaculate, and the man—Sir Paul—a hopeless blackguard. Then there is the heroine's friend, whom an early love tragedy has turned into a Vestal Virgin, but fulfilling the Scriptural ideal of going about doing good. A charming character, and one which, I am positively assured, may still be found in Mayfair, if one only knows where to look. One could not call this a strong book, but it is pleasant reading, and serves to while away several very entertaining hours. It is more like a meringue than anything else—sweet, but not very satisfying.

"The Relentless Gods"

A stirring tale of India by Ethel Duff-Fyfe (John Long: 6*s.*). The story of one who has been there and who can "sling the bat," as Tommy Atkins would say, with the best of us. Alas! however, the author prefers to employ the Bengali of Calcutta instead of the orthodox medley tongue which most sahibs use in India. The result is purity of diction, but loss of truth. I do not think that the worship of the Lingam, too, is an ideal for a lady author (who knows?) to enlarge upon, especially if accurate. Fortunately, the description of the Shiva Lingam is considerably whittled down. Anyhow, this book carries with it to those who know the East the fragrance of the sandal wood and the smell of the gaum, from the cow-dung fires, and all the weird fragrance of Ind, and revives old memories. It is a little handbook, so to speak, which should be read by those who are going East, for it gives a capital idea of the Eurasian class. A tale of the people who are tarred a little but retain the pride of old Portugal. Who are ostentatious and slovenly, extravagant and mean at the same time. It is a most interesting book to those who know, and should prove attractive to any who love to read of foreign climes. The plot is slight, but the dialogue is a lesson in *chi-chi* English, and a revelation into half-caste wiles.

The Orient in Piccadilly

"Oh, most magnificent Mr. Piccadilly horse-joss, how shall we place the feeble feet of our miserable bodies to arrive at the most excellent exhibition at the august tree of the Shepherd?"

"First abject turning to the idiotic right and second to the paraletic left and keep hobviously on"

BY G. E. STUDDY

A Check in Mid-Stream

A scene at a meet of Mr. Courtenay Tracy's Otter Hounds at Laverlick Bridge, near Wilton, Wiltshire, the seat of Lord Pembroke. Mr. Tracy's pack is one of the most famous in England, and the grand old sportsman who hunts it is one of the most popular figures in the hunting world

OLD ENGLISH FABRICS

Notes on the Collection of Mr. F. W. Phillips

By CHARLES ROBSON

VERY few people to-day realise the importance which our national fabrics held in the past. It is well known to almost every Englishman that we are not a race of weavers. We never have been. In the remote Dark Ages our ancestors obtained all their woven silks from the looms of Constantinople and from the sarascenic weavers of Sicily. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were imported from Italy and France. Only for a brief spell in the eighteenth century did Spitalfields produce woven silks and brocades, and much of the work executed there was due to the hands of Huguenot refugees. Hence it may safely be said that our finest silks came always from abroad. With printed fabrics there is a different story. From time immemorial England has been the home of the cotton printer. Unrestrained in the use of colours, unhampered by the technical restrictions of the loom, open and free to select everything that was noble and beautiful in nature and to stamp it indelibly upon their cloth, the cotton printers of London have stood pre-eminent. Art-loving France has prized their productions above the best work of her native *imprimeurs*. Commercial Holland has eagerly seized and copied them; even distant Russia has vied with other countries to possess them. Of this national heritage little now remains.

A copy of an English Chintz, *c.* 1750, made by Mr. Phillips for 1s. 11d. per yd.

Perhaps the most assiduous collector to-day of these sweet old-world relics is Mr. Phillips, of the Manor House, Hitchin. For over thirty years he has searched almost every nook and cranny of England for specimens of old chintz. Truly his collection is marvellous. Old printed curtains, gay with peacocks and Chinamen, bedspreads speckled with sprigs of flowers, chair-covers covered with quaint figures, some torn to shreds and dirty, others marvellously preserved, with colours still as bright as the wing of an exotic butterfly. There are also old block and old printing presses in abundance. Mr. Phillips is a dealer in antiquities, with a huge business, but he tantalisingly refuses to sell any of these original fabrics. What he does do, and for this we may be glad, is to reproduce them with a cleverness little short of genius. I have seen his copies, and have been astounded by their beauty. The soft, old-world colours, the naïve inaccuracies of the old block printers, the quaint, irregular drawing—all are there. I have placed them side by side and mistaken the old original for the copy, so cleverly are they done. In the course of a morning we looked through some hundreds of these, each more beautiful than the last. He has copies of the early and rare black prints of the seventeenth century and Queen Anne periods, hundreds of examples of the gay little *chinoiseries* or chintzes in the semi-Chinese style, which were so very fashionable about 1750. Perhaps the most beautiful were the copies of the Toiles de Jouy, made from 1760 onwards by our printers at Old Ford and Houndsditch. I can only compare them to exquisite line engravings upon cotton. County scenes of Old England, very much as they are to-day, old-world gardens filled with graceful figures of eighteenth-century gentlemen and ladies, pagodas, Sedan chairs, fountains, figure in these printed scenes. When I learned that the price of these beautiful chintzes was 3*s.* 6*d.* a yard I took a piece away to frame as a picture in my hall! It was interesting to hear of the efforts which are necessary in reproducing these stuffs. He despises the rough-and-ready method of the furnishing upholsterer, who is content to copy anyhow, with any gaudy colours, any old piece of chintz, and to disfigure it with modern additions to make it saleable. Mr. Phillips is a true archæologist at heart, and he copies faithfully and implicitly every detail of the fabrics, even their amusing little faults. Sometimes hundreds of proofs have to be taken to attain the correct outline, and hundreds more before the colours will satisfy his exacting requirements. It is natural that some of these stuffs are expensive, but in the face of their great beauty the price seems as nothing. Yet Mr. Phillips reproduces them at from 1*s.* 3*d.* a yard!

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

GOLF

The Professional International Match

Like its prototype in the amateur ranks, the Professional International Match does not enjoy very good health. In both cases the cause is similar, the overwhelming superiority in success of one nation over the other. In the amateur case the Scottish flag prevails, while in the professional case the English side has the best of matters. Out of seven matches played since the inception of the fixture Scotland has only won once, has twice managed to draw, while on four occasions she has been defeated. To use the language of finance, stock in the Professional International Match has been going steadily down, and is now at a considerable discount.

"Gentlemen v. Players"

Personally, I welcome this condition of affairs, as I am strongly of opinion that neither the Amateur nor the Professional Match is for the good of the game. If both fixtures disappeared, I do not believe their decease would be mourned. I have reason to believe that next year the Professional International Match will be abandoned, not as at Prestwick in 1908 because of inclement weather, but in order to give place to a much more interesting fixture. Rumour, which I trust will prove correct, speaks of a match between amateurs and professionals—in other words, a beginning of an encounter between gentlemen and players such as I have advocated for some years. Those who have historical memories will remember the famous tournament which took place at Sandwich in 1896, when a certain number of amateurs and professionals were drawn against each other in the first heat. The event was won by Douglas Rolland, the only amateur to survive to a late stage being the late Lieut. F. G. Tait.

Photograph *Sport and General*

Miss Cecilia Leitch

The brilliant young Silloth player, who is to play Mr. Harold Hilton a 72-hole match, receiving a half. Tom Ball, the professional, once tried to give Miss Leitch the same odds and failed

Photograph *Dixon*

Mr. Harold Hilton

To oppose Miss Leitch in a 72-hole match over the Walton Heath and Sunningdale courses in October. The *Ladies' Field* has presented a silver cup for the winner of the match

A Foursome of Champions

It will redound immensely to the credit of the St. George's Golf Club if they succeed in establishing a Gentlemen *v.* Players fixture, and at the same time administer the *coup de grâce* to the Professional International Match. I do not know whether the actual form of the match has yet been fixed, but I fancy that it will be played by foursomes. Just consider what an interesting match would be provided by a foursome between the two last Amateur champions, Messrs. Ball and Maxwell, against the two last Open champions, Braid and Taylor. The event will, if it can be arranged, take place at the time of the Open Championship, which will be played at Sandwich next year. I presume it would be held on the Saturday preceding the Championship. Being by foursomes, the match would not place an undue strain on the leading professionals, and in any case would be a vastly more interesting fixture than the International match.

An Opportune Revival

But I trust that this revival of the 1896 experiment in another form will lead to the institution of a regular fixture such as we have in cricket. It is, no doubt, difficult to get a team of amateurs together at any date except the Amateur or Open Championships, otherwise it might be well to fix a regular Gentlemen *v.* Players match at some other date. But a beginning might well be made by abandoning both International matches and substituting for them, on the Saturday previous to either Championship, an encounter by singles and foursomes between, say, six leading amateurs and professionals, six singles and three foursomes, or even a lesser number. I am sure that such a match would do a world of good to amateur play, and would provide an admirable incentive to amateurs to maintain and improve their form.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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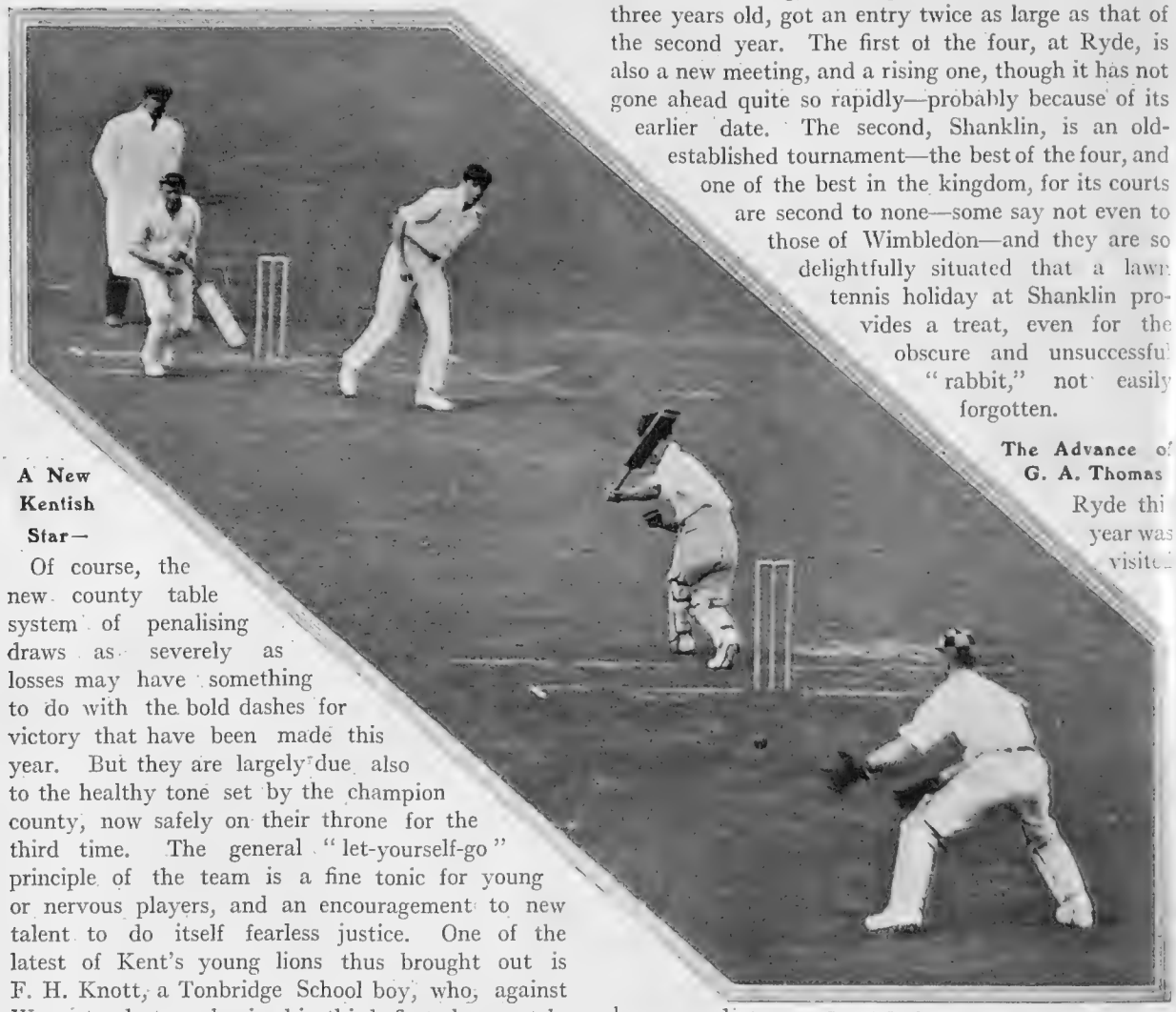
CRICKET

An Exciting Season

This has certainly been one of the most remarkable cricket years on record for excitement, fluctuations of fortune, and close finishes. When one remembers some of the dreary big county matches of days not so very far distant, when "pros." with weighty reputations, especially of the Notts variety, would portentously compile centuries at a rate suggestive of a seven-day fixture—one fairly revels in the coming of the modern sporting spirit, which has relegated these slow and selfish average-makers into a limbo of antediluvianism.



A New Kentish Star—

Of course, the new county table system of penalising draws as severely as losses may have something to do with the bold dashes for victory that have been made this year. But they are largely due also to the healthy tone set by the champion county, now safely on their throne for the third time. The general "let-yourself-go" principle of the team is a fine tonic for young or nervous players, and an encouragement to new talent to do itself fearless justice. One of the latest of Kent's young lions thus brought out is F. H. Knott, a Tonbridge School boy, who, against Worcester last week, in his third first-class match, made a very fine 114 without a chance. D. W. Carr—his antithesis, one may say, for he did not take to first-class cricket till his thirty-eighth year—again did wonders in this match with his googlies.

—And a Middlesex "Discovery"

But the county for close finishes has been Middlesex. They had an astonishing victory over Yorkshire last week, after a wretched first innings of 72, and made an even more sensational recovery against Essex, when they were 100 runs behind with only two wickets to fall and hit them up without further loss. "Plum" Warner, who is making a lot of runs just now, had a finger in the pie each time, but Middlesex, too, has her "new man," and S. H. Saville has been giving invaluable help, sharing the honours of the great stand against Essex and scoring an excellent 76 against Sussex last week. He was in the Marlborough eleven three years ago, but had not been heard of since until just recently.

LAWN TENNIS

The Isle of Wight Meetings

There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of tournament lawn tennis amid suitable surroundings. During the holiday season a favourite resort like the Isle of Wight has room within its narrow limits for no fewer than four open meetings. The last of these, at Ventnor, took place last week, and the Sandown meeting, which preceded it, although only three years old, got an entry twice as large as that of the second year. The first of the four, at Ryde, is also a new meeting, and a rising one, though it has not gone ahead quite so rapidly—probably because of its earlier date. The second, Shanklin, is an old-established tournament—the best of the four, and one of the best in the kingdom, for its courts are second to none—some say not even to those of Wimbledon—and they are so delightfully situated that a lawn tennis holiday at Shanklin provides a treat, even for the obscure and unsuccessful "rabbit," not easily forgotten.

The Advance of G. A. Thomas

Ryde this year was visited by several newcomers, including E. O. Pockley, J. B. Ward, H. S. Fellows, and Miss H. Lane, while at Sandown G. A. Thomas always seems able to display his best form. The match in which he defeated Ridding for the Sandown Cup last Saturday week was as good an exhibition of lawn tennis as one could wish to see anywhere, and I shall not be surprised to see him in the running for international honours next year. His versatility in games, by the way, is quite remarkable, for in addition to being in the front rank both at lawn tennis and badminton he is an amateur international chess-player.

Surrey's Cricket Crèche: Young Amateurs v. Young Professionals

In this match, played at the Oval last week, the young Surrey professionals won by fifty runs. Evans, of Merstham, who made the top score of forty-two for the "pros," is here shown batting. Note the batsman's use of the left hand only

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RACING: York Prospects. By CARBINE

The Gimcrack Guest?

Who is the lucky owner to whom will fall the honour of airing his views on racing at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club next December? This interesting little point will be settled on the Knavesmire on Thursday, when the Gimcrack Stakes looks like being a very attractive race. I think of the possible winners the most interesting speaker would be Mr. H. P. Whitney, for he could talk of racing from the international standpoint, and tell us about the American Turf and its present parlous state. Mr. Whitney has such a delightfully informal, breezy way of after-dinner speaking, and withal such a highly developed sense of humour, that his Gimcrack speech would be something to remember. Mr. Whitney has a very fair chance of winning with Borrow or the Dame d'Or colt, but the favourite will probably be Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Pietri, whose stylish display at Goodwood is still fresh within memory. In my opinion, the strongest hand of all is held by Mr. J. B. Joel, whose **Sunstar** may prove successful.

Racing at Hurst Park
The finish of the August Two-year-old Plate, won by Mr. "Abe" Bailey's Dutch China, who is one of the smartest youngsters of the season

The Judges' Dilemma

The indignation of the crowd at Stockton last week, when the wrong number was accidentally hoisted after the Great Northern Leger, reminds one of a racing yarn. The scene was laid in South America years ago, and the judges—there were a committee of three on this particular occasion—were not above backing their fancies. For one race they had all put their money down on a horse who obviously finished second, but regardless of that they returned him as the winner. Instantly an angry crowd of desperate men who had backed the real winner swarmed round the judges' box. Armed with revolvers and knives, they threatened to make things so warm that the judges hastily changed their minds and put up the right number. This, however, did not please that section of the crowd who had backed No. 2, and they also came up in a body with lurid threats of what would happen if the judges did not adhere to their original decision. This led to another hurried consultation, and anxious now to please all parties the judges declared the race to have been—a dead-heat!

St. Leger Items

Who will start favourite for the Leger? Will it be Lemberg, who held that distinction at the end of last week by the merest fractional advantage over Neil Gow? Or Lord Rosebery's colt, about whom there was a "scare" last week-end? Or neither of this pair, but Swynford, whose price is shortening every week, and was no more than 5 to 1 at the time of writing? Greenback is almost equally well fancied, and I do not suppose you would find any bookmaker to lay you extravagant odds about Winkipop. Nothing could show more clearly the open character of the Doncaster race, which is undoubtedly the event of the year. It had been whispered that Maid of Corinth might prove to be the best of the Manton three, but her unlooked-for downfall at Hurst Park on Saturday very effectually disposes of that notion. I see no reason to alter my opinion that Swynford will win on September 8—an opinion expressed in these pages when the colt was more than double his present price.

What Will Win the Ebor?

That is a question nearer to hand than the Leger puzzle. At York, this time-honoured handicap will attract a big and evenly balanced field. We know Royal Realm likes this course, but he has a good deal more weight than that under which he just failed to win a year ago. The fact that Frank Wootton rides Queen's Journal inclines one rather to that genuine stayer, yet I fancy Mirador represents a better class, and none can say that Mr. Astor's colt is unfairly handicapped. We saw his good stamina in the St. Leger last season. Altogether the race seems to me to be a good thing for **Mirador.** In the Convivial Produce Stakes Meleager is expected to add to her successful record, but a surprise may be made by **Garravecn.** I shall not look beyond **Cardinal Beaufort** for the winner of the Duke of York Stakes. On Thursday in the Harewood Handicap I have an idea that **Lily Rose** will be worth following against some of the more famous sprinters. I hope we shall see **Greenback** in the Great Yorkshire Stakes.

"A Turf Topic."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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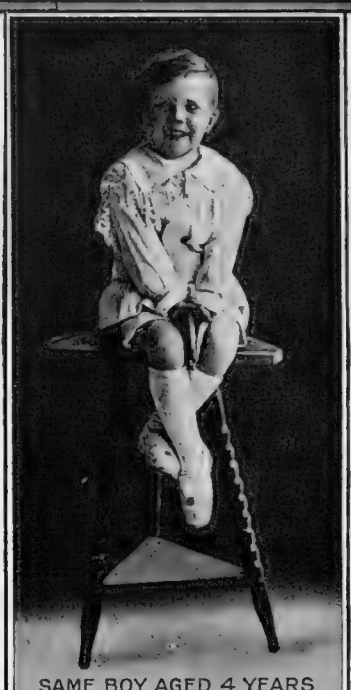
MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The 'Allenburys' Foods



SAME BOY AGED 4 YEARS

The Mother's Testimony

"I have pleasure in enclosing you a few photographs of my son, who is now just over eight years old. You will see by these how beautifully he has developed. He was fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods, and his health since has never caused us a moment's anxiety."

This Testimonial, which is only one example of many received daily, fully substantiates the claim made for the "Allenburys" Foods, viz.:

That they are based on scientific certainty, and that they supply the perfect nourishment required to ensure the steady development from infancy to robust and healthy childhood.

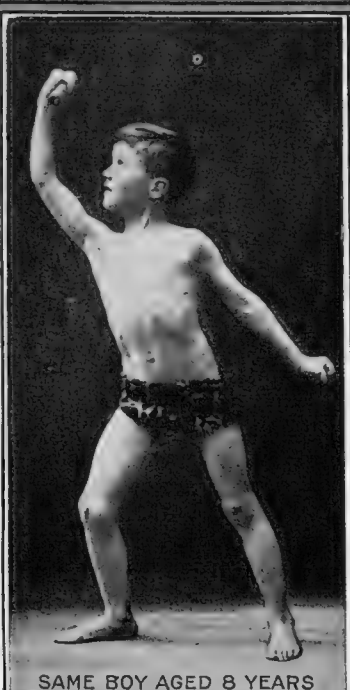
A Progressive Dietary adapted to the growing digestive powers.

Milk Food No. 1 From birth to 3 months.

Milk Food No. 2 From 3 to 6 months.

Malted Food No. 3 From 6 months upwards.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management, Free.



SAME BOY AGED 8 YEARS

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard St., LONDON.

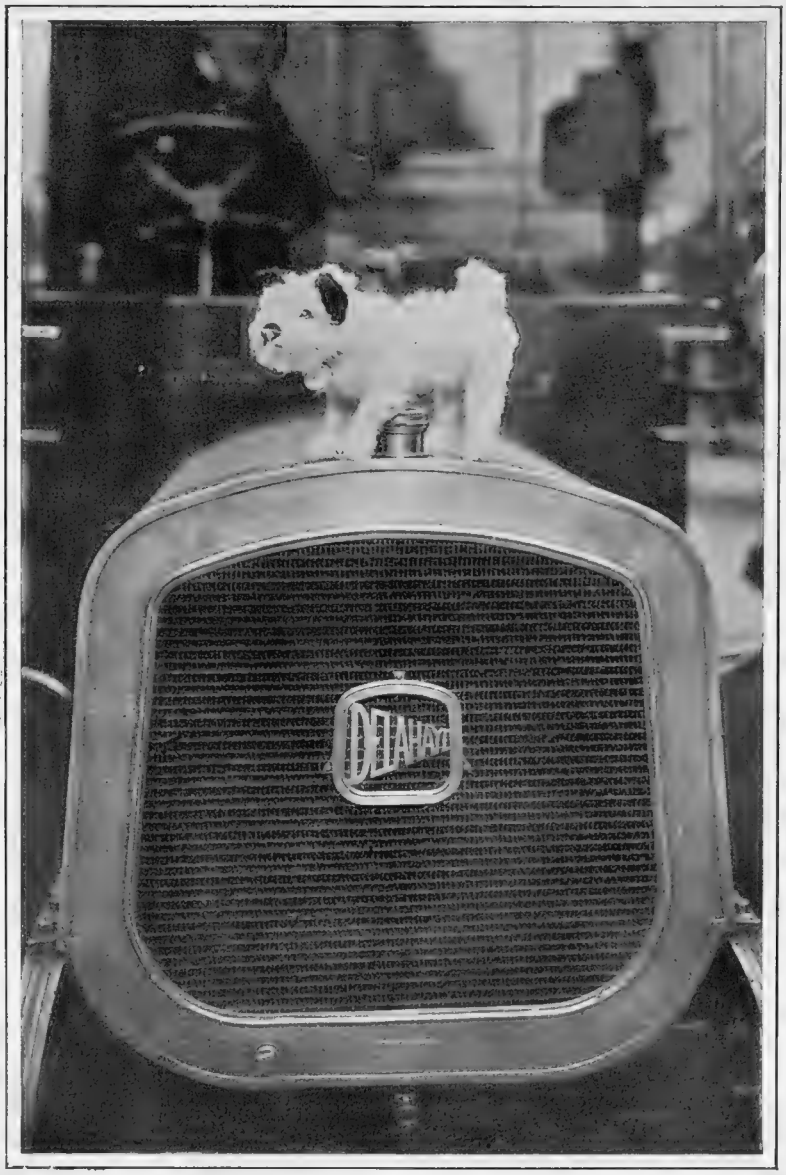
MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Records in Plethora

The aeroplanetic scribbler would appear to be in imminent danger of deteriorating into a mere tabulator of new records. That is not due to any desire on the part of the scribbler, who would, doubtless, infinitely prefer to have a sufficient breathing (and type) space wherein to adorn the tale of each achievement as it happens. The fact is, however, that records, notable efforts, and accomplishments, come tumbling in upon him at such a chaotic rate that there is usually room for little more than a bare diary. We have, indeed, been fed to surfeit upon sensations until we have well-nigh lost the sense of wonder. Inevitable certainty; but hardly anticipated thus early in history.

The War of the Schools

The most casual glance down the full list of awards at Lanark, easily, judged upon results, the most important of British meetings so far (Scotland yet!), discloses (*a*) that the Blériot monoplane has practically swept the empyrian again, and (*b*) that the Gnome rotary engine has swept it quite as emphatically. A few weeks ago the Farman biplane was carrying everything before it, and in the view of the pseudo-expert was the only possible machine. "The Blériot? Speed perhaps, and short distance work—nothing more." To-day, in speed, height, distance—anything except, perhaps, weight-carrying, slow circuit exhibitions, and the like—it is Blériot. On it Drexel soars dizzily to 6,750ft.; Radley skims along at fifty-eight miles an hour; Cattaneo covers 400 miles as part of a week's effort, including a single flight of 141 miles; and now a comparatively new name in aeronautics, without knowledge of the country and with little familiarity with his machine, comes flying across from Paris with his mechanic aboard to pay us a little visit. And it is the turn of the single-span school of quasi-authority to make appropriate remarks!



Hail, Cæsar!
Those about to die, however, are neither car occupants nor pedestrians (this motor mascot is expected to prevent all that), but members of the great family of Teddy Bear, whose reign is now challenged by Cæsar, King Edward's favourite dog in effigy

That Blessed Word—Humility

One of the great needs of the moment in this connection seems to be a sense of proportion, and that humility before the altar of the unknown which is at once the sign of the scientific mind, and the atmosphere in which great discoveries are made and mighty problems solved. What we do *not* know about human flight and the line of final development, would fill a library of magnitude. Speculation upon the future form of machine may be profitable, but dogmatism (expressed or implied) based upon the achievements of biplane or monoplane in this the childhood of the movement, is grotesque. It is sufficient for us to note that the adoption of a power plant which had been found wonderfully effective upon a biplane has proven, temporarily at any rate, even more effective upon a monoplane, and to extract from that every lesson which the limits of our knowledge enable us to see. The mere fact that this seven-cylindered (Gnome) engine has palpable weaknesses, should alone give pause to those who seem prone to vain imaginings concerning its future. They have placed it definitely upon the monoplane, and fixed both (along general lines) for all time. It were infinitely more sensible to take the advice of Artemus and refrain from prophecy until knowledge comes.

On Tyre Cost

A writer in a contemporary, in dealing with the cost of car

4 cyl. 15-18 h.p.

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CHASSIS
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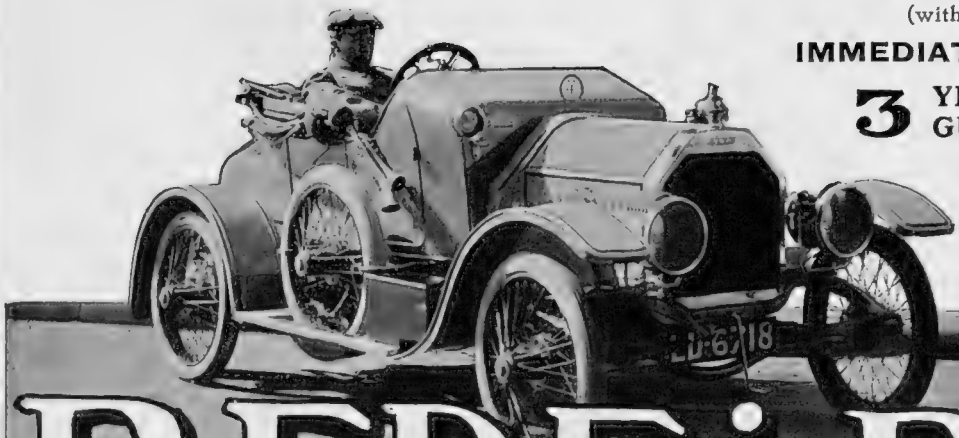
(without Tyres)
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

3 YEARS' GUARANTEE.



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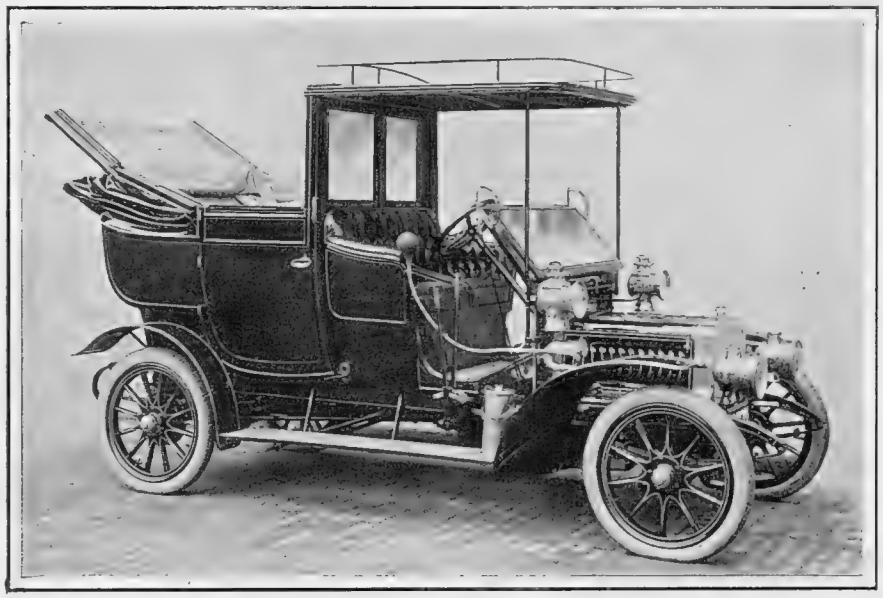
maintenance, puts petrol in the primary position and tyres second. Most motorists, I imagine, will be in very cordial *dis*agreement with him, while deploring devoutly the necessity for it. Even now that rubber has fallen from the entirely artificial elevation to which it had been hoist by astute market rigging, and the price of tyres has returned to its ante-boom day level, the cost of tyre maintenance will easily loom largest in the sum of the car's running, and I fear it is still a far cry to a different condition. The perfection of the system of power transmission, suspension improvements, road reconstruction (in addition to any betterment possible in the manufacture of the tyre itself)—all these factors must make for longevity and a reduction in the tyre bill; but, then, doubtless, side by side with that, the development of methods of carburation, and, perhaps, some change in the form of fuel used, will also go on. So, although all the portents point toward our motoring ultimately costing us less, I am afraid, while the pneumatic tyre as we know it holds the field, it will also hold pride of place in the running bill.



A 12 h.-p. Adler Landaulette

This is a fine example of body-work by Morgan upon a notable chassis

Hope Springs—

It is, however, quite a moot point whether the pneumatic tyre as we know it *can* hold the field. I imagine it cannot. It is much too costly in time and convenience, apart from the monetary consideration. We may at least hope (hope being inexpensive) that the many efforts which have been, and are still being, made to give practical expression to a possible mode of pneumatic suspension for use with solid tyres, or some form of unpuncturable pneumatic like the Torkington, will come to happy fruition. The Cowey, Sharpe, and Aman's systems, claimants upon our interested attentions in the past, have been recently recruited by two other attempts in the same direction. The "Harris" idea is to interpose pneumatic buffers in the shape of bulbs inflated by inner tubes between the car frame and the ordinary leaf spring, while the "Brough" relies upon a cylinder of air which, when road-shocks are transmitted from the ordinary form of spring to pistons (working, of course, within the cylinder), forms a buffer against which the heads of the pistons press. Both systems, which space prevents further reference to now, have points of possibility, and the measure of their success in practice is bound to be watched with hopeful, if not anxious, concern.

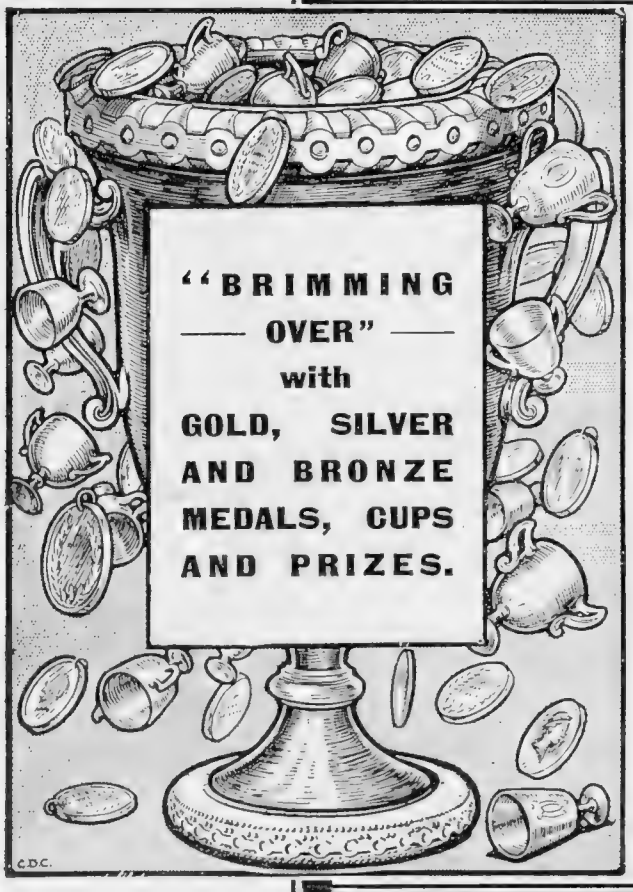
Legal Defence

The Royal Automobile Club has decided to follow the lead of the Automobile Association in the matter of free legal defence for members and associates and their drivers. The decision was inevitable sooner or later, and will certainly have the effect of strengthening the appeal of the Club to the unattached private motorist. Until now, it must be confessed, there was little enough advantage in membership so far as our motorist of modest means was concerned. Doubtless the Committee recognised that, and cast about for the most attractive "plank" wherewith to stiffen the programme. There can be no two opinions about the selection, although there may be about the advisability (or desirability) of r o b b i n g another organisation of its thunder. However, there is no copyright in the idea, and in adopting it the Club (which, by the way, continues to renew its strength, despite large increases in entrance fees) has certainly taken the most effective step yet toward increasing its popularity with the motorist on the road. Of that there is no possible probable shadow of doubt whatever.

Miscellanea

It is, of course, one of the conditions of motoring that the means should be available for the driver to give audible and sufficient warning of his approach. Until now the horn has held the field as a medium of warning. Its supremacy, however, is challenged by (among other devices) the Sealrook Autochime—one of the most effective and least offensive devices I have yet met. It is operated by exhaust pressure and controlled by a foot pedal. The special features of the horn consist first in its simplicity of construction and attachment; second, in the internal boring of the chimepiece to effect the blend of notes; third, in a "sound bell" made in bell-metal to produce the sonorous sound; and fourth, in a valve mechanism for regulating the volume of exhaust gas admitted and varying the intensity of the warning. Finally, it is made in England. An excellent device.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS. Their longevity is phenomenal. A user writes:—"These plugs are fitted to a car which has now run about 25,000 miles." Fit them to your car.—H. M. HOBSON, Limited, 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.



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ILLUSTRATED

No. 351.—Vol. XXVII. Wednesday, August 24, 1910

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1.—Stratton Audley Hall, grounds, and stabling	9	2	29
2.—Hunting stables, house, and paddock	4	0	27
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4.—Accommodation land	19	1	32
5.—Ditto	25	3	37
6.—Ditto	55	3	39
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8.—Ditto	42	2	20
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£2,500 WILL BUY the above well-appointed modern RESIDENCE, in a capital sporting district, near Oswestry and Shrewsbury. It stands 550ft. above sea level, and contains: hall, OAK-PANELLED DINING ROOM, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.); well-arranged gardens and grounds, walled-in kitchen garden, field with river frontage, in all about 4 acres; stabling and motor-house; boating, bathing, trout fishing; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,458)

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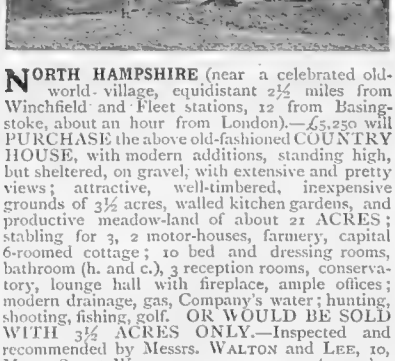
REQUIRED TO PURCHASE, an AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, extending from, say, 2,000 to 5,000 acres of good land, already Let, or capable of being Let. Should be situated within convenient distance of a good station, on preferably one of the principal lines of railway from London to the North.—Particulars and, if possible, plans to "BUYER," WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

SUFFOLK.

IPSWICH (8 miles from).—The above GEORGIAN HOUSE, with 2 cottages; stabling for 4; well-timbered grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc., in all 3 ACRES, for SALE. Price, £2,800. 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, hall, and offices; acetylene gas; modern drainage; good hunting; shooting in district.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,396)



NORTH HAMPSHIRE (near a celebrated old-world village, equidistant 2½ miles from Winchfield and Fleet stations, 12 from Basingstoke, about an hour from London).—£5,250 will PURCHASE the above old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with modern additions, standing high, but sheltered, on gravel, with extensive and pretty views; attractive, well-timbered, inexpensive grounds of 3½ acres, walled kitchen gardens, and productive meadow-land of about 21 ACRES; stabling for 3, 2 motor-houses, farmery, capital 6-roomed cottage; 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; modern drainage, gas, Company's water; hunting, shooting, fishing, golf. OR WOULD BE SOLD WITH 3½ ACRES ONLY.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,499)

L. & N.W. RY. Main Line (35 minutes from London, 300ft. above sea, on gravel).—3,000 GUINEAS will PURCHASE a genuine old-fashioned GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, beautifully situated in a rural district, with old-world grounds, croquet lawn, walled kitchen gardens, etc.: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms, quaint hall, conservatory, and small billiard room, ample offices; Company's water, gas, main drainage; stabling for 5 horses; mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,550)

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OVER THAMES VALLEY.

THIS ARTISTIC RESIDENCE, standing nearly 400FT. HIGH,

FOR SALE WITH 9 ACRES,

at a sacrificial price.

Company's water; gravel soil; 100 yds. from road; hall, PANELLED dining room, drawing room, study, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom (or extra bedrooms);

3-ROOMED COTTAGE;

stabling and coach-house; good drainage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,570)

45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY by Expresses.—A very desirable little PROPERTY of about 25 acres to be SOLD. The Residence stands in a small park with lodge, and contains: billiard and usual reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, and offices; lovely grounds with small lake, productive gardens, cottages, etc.; first-rate hunting situation; golf close by. Low price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,562)

SEVENOAKS (near).—PRICE, £2,850.—Rent, £140, Unfurnished.—Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 400 ft. above sea, 1¼ miles from station, with stabling, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 2 paddocks, 4 acres: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; carriage drive, with 5-roomed entrance lodge; sandy soil; lovely views.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,155)

HAMPSHIRE.

ROMSEY (near).—The above attractive Country HOUSE, high on gravel, in grounds of 5 ACRES, to be SOLD at the REDUCED PRICE OF £3,000; beautifully situated with fine views; ¾ mile from station, 10 from Winchester: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; gas and water laid on; stabling, motor-house, cottage; pretty but inexpensive grounds, tennis courts, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,918)

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RUGBY, "Penhros House."—An exceptionally well-built and splendidly fitted RESIDENCE, very well arranged, with every modern convenience: entrance porch, large lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; excellent stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, motor-house; electric light; nice garden, full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on October 10 next.

FURNISHED, RENTAL ONLY £90 PER ANNUM.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX BORDERS.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, one year or longer, attractive FARMHOUSE in high, healthy situation: 7 bedrooms, 3 reception, bath, etc.; stabling 2; garden and orchard, 2 acres; near church, station, and post-office; good hunting district; golf 6 miles; fishing obtainable. Rent, Unfurnished, £50.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,470)

LOVELY TINTERN, WITH LOVELY VIEWS OF THE WYE VALLEY.—An attractive little PROPERTY, known as "Valley View Farm," comprising a well-built stone House, containing: 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, good kitchen, and office; stabling for 2; farmery, pretty garden, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, orchard, and land of 10 ACRES.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION on October 10 next.

SURREY HILLS, Warlingham (600ft. above sea level).—A charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, known as "West Hall," standing in well-timbered grounds of about 3 ACRES, with tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, and paddocks: hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, farmery.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Oct. 10 next.

£750.—SURREY (within a few miles of Guildford).—A charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, with 1 large reception room, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c., bicycle house; exceedingly pretty well-wooded garden of ½ acre.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE.

BASINGSTOKE AND READING (between).—On some of the highest ground on the borders of Hants and Berks, with a

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW FOR MANY MILES.

To be SOLD, a handsome, well-built, modern COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, amidst pretty terraced grounds. On the upper floors: 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, grand lounge hall (32 ft. by 18 ft. 9 in. and 21 ft. high), 3 reception rooms, magistrate room, and extensive offices; lighted by gasolene; first-rate stabling for 14 horses, large coach-house, 2 cottages, and groom's rooms; laundry and cottage, farm cottage and homestead; excellent kitchen garden and grassland; hunting 5 days a week; golf and polo within 4 miles:

18 or 50 ACRES;

accommodation for 4 motors, with pit.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (8,253)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

HUNTING GARTH AND S. BERKS.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE, situate in healthy district, to LET for the Winter: 10 bed and dressing, bath, 4 sitting rooms; stabling; pretty pleasure grounds, 6 acres; shooting might be arranged for.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HUNTING 6 DAYS A WEEK.

W.H., DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S, etc.—An attractive Country RESIDENCE, surrounded by parklike grounds, THREE MILES FROM G.W.R. MAIN LINE: 13 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 10 or 12. To LET for Hunting Season.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,321)

EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT.

SHROPSHIRE.—For the Winter, an exceptionally well-furnished, picturesque QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, situate amidst parklike surroundings. Contains: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; pretty gardens; gravel soil.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUFFOLK (gravel soil, absolutely sheltered situation).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in beautifully timbered grounds.

300 ACRES—CAPITAL MIXED SHOOTING.

15 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling 6. LOW RENT FOR THE WINTER OR LONGER.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,934)

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course).—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadowland. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

WALES (within easy reach of Chester, Liverpool, etc., 1½ miles from station, near church, post, and golf).—To be SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful position over 600ft. above the sea. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4; lodge and outbuildings. The gardens and grounds extend to about

130 ACRES,

and contain a variety of beautiful trees and shrubs, tennis and croquet lawns, woodland, intersected with picturesque paths, and some 100 acres of moorland. Price, only £4,000.—Box K 4,771, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a pleasant position in grounds of about 10 acres. The accommodation comprises: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's gas and water; main drainage; stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and man's room. The grounds contain many varieties of ornamental timber, including oak, acacia, silver birch, arbutus, etc., rose garden, productive kitchen garden, well-stocked orchard, wilderness garden, and good meadow-land; gardener's cottage; 2 cowhouses, pigstye, etc.—Box K 4,190, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

500 FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL.

£4,300 will PURCHASE a well-built modern RESIDENCE, situated between Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne, on the summit of a hill, commanding beautiful views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2, and men's rooms; well-wooded grounds of over

6 ACRES.

tennis court, clumps of rhododendrons, wilderness walk, kitchen garden, and orchard.—Box K 4,717, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OVERLOOKING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS. HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the club-house: 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

—Box K 4,738, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

TO LET.—The "CLOSE," Brailsford (Derby 8 miles, 4½ miles Ashbourne, L. and N. W.), in the Meynell Hunt: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing rooms, excellent offices; stabling for 4; garden, tennis lawn. Rent, £50.—Apply, E. M. SELLERS and SON, Agents, Ashbourne.

OVERLOOKING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

FOR SALE.—Charming MODERN HOUSE (with or without Furniture), containing: lounge hall, drawing, dining, and smoking rooms, 12 bedrooms, servants' apartments; perfect sanitation and lighting; adjoins golf links. The situation is unsurpassed. Inspection invited.—Box S 12, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HAMPSHIRE.—To LET, Furnished, till February 1, 1911 (extension optional), fascinating old HOUSE: 13 bed, 4 reception, billiards, bath, large offices; stabling for 7, 4 grooms' rooms; excellent sanitation and water; electric light throughout; charming grounds; shooting 1,000 acres optional; hunting, golf. Railway 1½ miles, telegraph and post 2 minutes. Rent, 9 gns. a week, including gardeners (3).—Apply, Col. MARKHAM, Bishop's Sutton, Alresford, Hants.

SURREY HILLS, Chaldon (2 miles Merstham station).—Attractive modern FREEHOLD RESIDENCE and 93 acres, 723 ft. above sea level; superb views: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; hot-water radiators; telephone; excellent stabling, coach-houses, bailiff's cottage, etc.; extensive woods, poultry, and glasshouses; pleasant home farm.—J. BEDDOW, Hill Top, Chaldon, Caterham.

FOR SALE.—FAMILY RESIDENCE and 160 acres, Tonbridge, Kent, in ring fence, including excellent farmhouse, cottages, etc.; charming grounds, lakes, etc.; gas, water, telephone, etc. Possession Michaelmas. Low Price.—Apply, Box "G. D.," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

WANTED, in a high, dry, and bracing position, not less than 500ft. above sea level, on gravel or loamy soil, an ESTATE of 2,000 to 5,000 acres, with Mansion containing not less than 20 bedrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, and good domestic quarters. Distance from London no consideration, but land must be good and well let. Purchaser will inspect suitable place at once and all particulars treated as confidential and returned if property not suitable.—Address, in first instance, "COLONIAL," Box 2,275, WILLINGS, 125, Strand, London, W.C. No Agents.

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CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURN'SHED, or SOLD, charming well-built MODERN RESIDENCE, commanding lovely sea views, and containing: *oak-panelled lounge hall*, dining room, drawing room, billiard room (the last 2 rooms are oak-panelled), conservatory, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); good water supply; *lighted throughout by petrol gas;* motor-house; well-laid-out grounds.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£2,500 **FREEHOLD.**—BERKS (lovely position, 300ft. above sea level). —Delightful HOUSE and exquisite gardens; good stabling and cottage; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

BEAUTIFUL CHIDDINGFOLD.—For SALE, Freehold, in this delightful and exclusive part of Surrey, a well-known old-world RESIDENCE: stabling, and fine grounds; banqueting hall, 5 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, etc. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES. —WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

£3,400 **FOR A LITTLE SHOW PLACE** NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS. —The HOUSE stands in perfect gardens, and contains: 8 bedroooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling. Freehold.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.

£3,500 **FREEHOLD.**—NEWBURY. —10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; 13 acres of grandly timbered gardens and parklands.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ASHDOWN FOREST.—£3,600, FREEHOLD. 90 *ACRES. Capital FARM. Lovely views, 400 ft. above sea level; small Farmhouse.* —*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£1,600 **FREEHOLD.**—DORSET (*Blackmore Vale and Lord Portman's country*).—*3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; about 11 acres.—Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

A RENOWNED FREEHOLD SURREY PROPERTY.
IN A LOVELY RURAL SPOT, BUT WITHIN AN HOUR OF LONDON.
NEAR GOOD GOLF COURSES.

TO BE SOLD, with or without the beautiful collection of Furniture, a remarkably fine RESIDENCE, standing 400ft. above sea level, and commanding magnificent views, surrounded by lovely gardens, embowered by a delightful park. The accommodation comprises:

Noble oak-panelled hall,	15 bedrooms,
oak-panelled dining room,	4 well-equipped bathrooms,
2 other reception rooms,	splendid offices,
billiard room,	2 staircases.

The stabling comprises 4 loose boxes, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The whole Property covers about 36 acres, is in the best possible state of upkeep, main water is laid on, and the soil is green sand.—Illustrated particulars, plans, etc., from the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

SPECIALLY IMPORTANT NOTICE.

RENOWNED RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST.
NOBLE MANSION DATING FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.
3,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
CENTRE OF A FAVOURITE HUNT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR TWO YEARS.—This quite unique ESTATE occupies a fine situation in one of, if not the, very best part of the West of England, about 3 hours' rail from London.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

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ORPINGTON, ½ an hour from London by fast trains.

BRACING POSITION, 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

£3,000. **—FOR SALE,** a beautifully placed COUNTRY PROPERTY, including picturesque modern House, fitted with all modern improvements and in perfect order: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; gas; modern drainage; delightful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, walled kitchen and fruit gardens; golf.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ONE HOUR SOUTH OF LONDON BY MAIN LINE TRAINS.

Close to Golf Links. Gravel Soil. 300 ft. above Sea Level.

FOR SALE.—A PERFECT ESTATE of nearly 62 acres, comprising a singularly attractive RESIDENCE, right back from the road: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5; the gardens are of a most delightful character, and include rose gardens, lawns, rock garden, kitchen garden, and finely timbered parklands. Moderate price for an early sale. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., who recommend from a personal inspection.

A BARGAIN.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WITHIN A MILE OF THE THAMES AND 50 MINUTES' RAIL OF LONDON.

£1,700 **FREEHOLD.**—Very attractive HOUSE and about 2 acres. Accommodation: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, cosy lounge, capital offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 2 horses, coach and motor-house; air-gas installed; main water; secluded and charming gardens, beautifully shaded and attractively arranged; 6-roomed cottage included.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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Gas and oil for lighting purposes are now completely superseded by electricity, which is immeasurably better from the points of view of cleanliness and safety.

And, with our modern electric installation and new lamps, electric lighting is less expensive than the old style methods of lighting.

We have made a special study of the work of providing electrical plants for country houses, large and small, adapting the installation to the individual circumstances in each case, thus securing the greatest efficiency at the lowest cost. Wherever there is water power it can be utilised for power in place of an oil or gas engine.

During the last few years we have installed complete electric plants in many of the largest mansions in the British Isles.

To anyone residing in the United Kingdom, who is considering the question of Lighting, we will gladly send a fully qualified and expert engineer to advise on the subject, and no charge for advice and estimates will be made.

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Of all Chemists, 3/-, 2/-, *and* 1/-.

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A case of twelve bottles of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water makes a charming present, which any lady will gratefully accept.

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"EXHILARATION without INTOXICATION."

DELICIOUS in FLAVOUR.
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THE NONAL BREWERY, FULHAM, S.W.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

An Everyday Frock

ALTHOUGH the women who are sensitively alive to the workings of the child mind never so much as hint that the half-time of the long summer holiday is at hand, and that in another few weeks the autumn term commences, in secret we discuss the needs of the coming school outfit, together with the better and dancing frocks. Giving precedence to the school frock, we are offering an alternative to the banded style, hitherto mostly affected with box-pleats, taking for our subject a girlie of from eight to ten years of age.

In this design the skirt and long bodice are modelled separately, being subsequently united by a narrow band of the material, provided with little straps at the side for the leather belt to be passed through. It will be remarked how artistically the tucks over the shoulder take up the line of the box-pleated front of the skirt, a movement that is repeated at the back, leaving the figure at the sides plain and perfectly defined. Serge, as goes without saying, is the ideal material. At the same time, the simplicity of the design points equally to the services of tweed, Cheviot, or even a soft-weight frieze. On the other hand, it is delightful in casement cloth, cashmere, or delaine, while for Sundays and holidays it might be exploited in the new soft make of velveteen. To complete the costume with fitting *éclat*, a double-breasted shapely reefer should be provided, fashioned of the same material.

An Everyday Frock for a Young Girl
Serge is the ideal material for this dress, but it is so simply designed that it would look well in tweed, Cheviot, or a soft-weight frieze
(Sketches by Dorothy Millar)

A Comfortable Blanket Coat for a Little Boy
A pretty fantasy on the parental "sports" coat

A Child's Dainty Dancing Frock
The skirt is ornamented with tucks, to be let down as occasion and growing limbs require

A Dainty Little Dancing Frock

From the picture it will be seen we have got away from the accordion-kilted skirt. Not that we have any dislike for that handy expression, which can be bought ready-made, but rather to keep alive the note of variety. *Ninon*, white, black, or any colour, is the ideal fabric for this type of frock, worn over a fussy dancing petticoat and knickers in one of soft silk trimmed with lace. A delicate colour under white always looks childish and fresh, and I am mentally picturing a soft pink, the shade of that dear old cottage rose, the maiden's blush. To secure the required width for the skirt, which, kindly observe, is ornamented with tucks, to be let down as occasion and growing limbs require, the top is mounted on to a yoke, just under the arms, a subterfuge that is concealed by the *fichu* crossing at a lower line over a fine and very lightly drawn chemisette of lace. The rest of the dress is carried throughout in the *ninon*, even to the frills of the sleeves.

Comfy Blanket Coat for a Little Boy

We are drawing a bow at a venture in the offer of this design. Perhaps only the few will appreciate the possibilities of building such a coat at home. But we take comfort to ourselves in believing that those few will give us heartfelt thanks for providing the inspiration.

Given a warm blanket or duffle cloth, any colour most becoming to the small future wearer can be selected, baize-green or grey for hazel-eyed laddies, purple or brown for dark eyes, and pale blue or buff for golden hair and blue eyes. And the hat, of course, would be *ensuite*. The whole affair is a delicious fantasy on "father's" sports coat, with its Talma sleeve, great patch pockets, and large, pierced pearl buttons.

Messrs. Clark and Co., Retford

What an art, indeed, has cleaning and dyeing become, and in a comparatively speaking short space of time. It is confessing no great age to recall the laborious unpicking of every garment ere it was despatched to the cleaners, a procedure now entirely obviated by the dry process.

Established over a century, during which time they have consistently pioneered every fresh departure of any importance or practicability, Messrs. Clark naturally stand in the forefront with their dry cleaning, which they claim to have brought as near to perfection as possible. A special point is made by them that no disagreeable odour is left, nor any alteration brought about in shape or colouring.

In an illustrated booklet of prices there are included many useful paragraphs anent the difficulties dyers and cleaners have to contend with in these days of spurious productions. And for once it is possible to gather a very good general idea of what will and will not dye or clean. Particular attention is accorded the cleaning of valuable furs and laces, also feather boas, specially trained hands being allotted these delicate tasks. The utmost confidence can be placed in Messrs. Clark, their dealings throughout with the public being of an entirely daylight order.

A Genuine Remedy

No one can fully appreciate the misery undergone by a sensitive woman who develops a growth of hair on lip or chin, or what infinite trouble she takes to try and find some remedy which will permanently destroy it. Miss Mitchell, of 39, Sloane Street, has now used "Rusmak" for her patients for many years, and has proved it absolutely satisfactory, a fact to which ample testimony is borne by the report of A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., analytical and consulting chemist, who states that he considers it "an excellent preparation for the removal of superfluous hair without injury to the skin." "Rusmak" is sold at the price of 10*s.* 6*d.* a box, and Miss Mitchell is always pleased to show any new client who will call on her exactly how it should be used.

The Menu: SIMPLE BREAKFAST AND SUPPER DISHES

Oatmeal Porridge

Oatmeal must first be placed on the list of breakfast dishes. Porridge made in the usual Scotch way cannot be improved upon for flavour, and if a very little cream can be added to the milk, nothing nicer is to be desired. Golden syrup instead of milk makes a nice change. In preparing porridge salt should always be added to the boiling water before the oatmeal is dredged in. "Left-over" porridge is very good made into fritters, only the porridge used for these must be firm. Cut into thin slices and dip in a batter made a little thinner than for Yorkshire pudding; fry in boiling fat, drain off any superfluous grease, and serve on a hot dish with white sugar.

Oatmeal Gems

Pour a cupful of boiling water over a cupful of cooked oatmeal, and let it stand overnight; mix one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt; sift, mix with the soaked oatmeal, and add enough flour to make a batter that will drop easily from the spoon; bake or fry.

Kedgeree

Any fish that is left over, such as cod, hake, fresh haddock, makes an appetising breakfast dish. Bone the fish and cut it into small pieces, mix with one small teacupful of boiled Patna rice, one hard-boiled egg, a little white pepper and salt. Melt 1oz. of butter in a saucepan, add the fish, rice, egg, etc. Stir well with a wooden spoon, and serve very hot.

Rolled Mackerel

Split the fish in half, lay on each piece half the roe (it should be soft), sprinkle over it equally and lightly pepper and salt and flour, then roll up each piece tightly, tail outwards, and put them in a deep baking dish, setting them close together, by which means they will keep rolled until cooked. Pour over them a pickle made of vinegar and a fourth part of water, pepper and salt, cover them with a plate, and put to bake in a slow oven for two hours. When done, dish up the fish carefully, strain the sauce over them, and garnish with fennel or parsley. They are excellent eaten cold; should be turned in the liquor every day, and they will keep a week.

Collared Head

A breakfast dish seldom made except in farmhouses is collared head, and yet there are few dishes that so well repay the careful housewife for her trouble. Soak a sheep's head well for a day in cold water, then put on to cook in tepid water, with salt, two tablespoonfuls of rice, two or three onions, and chopped parsley and boil from two and a half to three hours. The meat should then be cut from the bone and a portion of it chopped small and placed in a mould or basin with enough of the stock in which the head was boiled to cover it. When cold, turn out. The remainder of the meat will make an excellent curry. Serve with boiled rice. The tongue should be taken out and skinned while hot for a breakfast dish, and the bones can be boiled still longer for soup, with the addition of vegetables. A sheep's head can usually be bought for about sixpence or eightpence.

Oxtail, Stewed

Wash the tails, divide them into joints, put them into a stewpan with warm water to cover them, add salt and pepper, let it boil up, and skim well, put in two carrots, two onions, cut in small slices; put on the cover, and stew gently for two hours or longer. Now melt 1oz. of butter in a small stewpan, stir into it ½oz. of flour, mix with it gradually about one pint of the strained stock, let this boil up till it thickens, and squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of Harvey or Worcester sauce. Arrange the pieces of tail in a dish with the vegetables, pour the sauce over, and serve. This dish can be done in a casserole in the oven, if preferred, and will take about two and a half hours. The foreign oxtails can be bought for about sixpence each. EMILIA.

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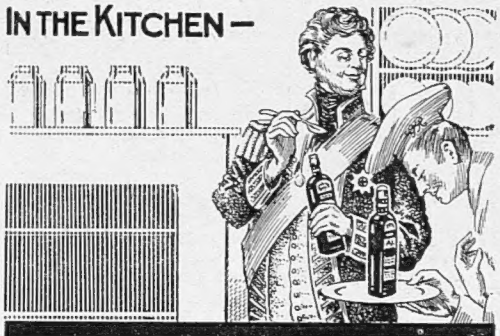

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Successful Bulb-Growing

There are several reasons for buying and planting bulbs early in the season. In the first place, though the sellers may not deliberately pick out the finest bulbs to satisfy the earliest orders, it is a natural instinct to avoid any that are inferior when the stock is large and to be less particular when it begins to run low. In the second place, spring-flowering bulbs, such as snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils, when left in the ground, generally commence forming new roots at the end of August or the beginning of September, and every day afterwards that other bulbs of the same kind are kept out of the ground must, therefore, involve a shortening of the growing period, and consequently a loss of strength. Good flowers, it is true, may often be obtained from late planting; it is in the bulbs that the effect will be most noticeable, for they have given up their substance to feed the flowers, and, not having been able to get back an adequate supply from the roots, are sure to have diminished, instead of increased, in size. Obviously, then, a most important point in the cultivation of bulbs is to provide such conditions as shall enable them to make strong roots well in advance of leaf-growth. One of these conditions is early planting; others are suitable soil and a moderate, but not excessive, amount of moisture. If the soil is heavy a slight layer of grit for the bulbs to rest on will be an advantage. They should never be in contact with decomposing matter of any kind. So treated, they should flower well, provided that they have been properly ripened. That is essential.

Vines in the Greenhouse

Vines are very commonly grown in amateurs' greenhouses, and while they are useful in shading the plants underneath in summer, they are very ornamental later when the bunches are colouring. The shade is sometimes too dense, but with good management such plants as begonias grow well under them. The atmosphere must be kept moist during the growing period, but as soon as it ceases and the bunches begin to change colour, the moisture should be reduced. Plenty of air being essential, the ventilators should be kept open day and night. Muslin must be tacked over them if wasps are troublesome, and even then some may find their way in. To expose the grapes fully to the light, a leaf here and there may, if necessary, be taken off, but it should not be the leaf from the axil of which a bunch issues. One of the two or three leaves beyond should be selected for the purpose. Shanking, the withering of part of a bunch, is very annoying when it breaks out. It is not a disease, but merely the result of a vine's inability to mature the whole of its crop. Obviously, there may be various causes—an excessive crop, defective root action, and so forth. The grapes on the stalks which have begun to wither cannot be saved, and should be cut off. Then the cause should be sought for and removed.

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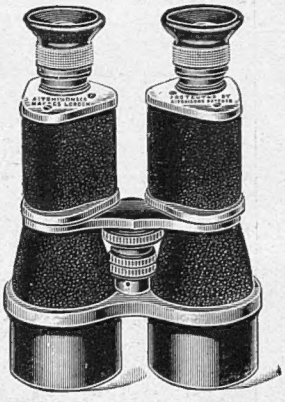

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The Editor's Box

A.B.C. Guide to the Highlands of Scotland

The 1910 edition of this guide, issued by the Highland Railway, is now available to the public. It occupies upwards of 200 pages, and anticipates every conceivable advice the prospective visitor to the Highlands may require. The central feature of the guide is an exhaustive description of the routes traversed by the Highland Railway from Perth in the south, "the gateway of the Highlands," to John O'Groats in the north, and the land of Skye in the west. An excellent feature for sportsmen is a list of open fishings and golf courses in the Highlands, with descriptive notes. A series of upwards of 100 tours by rail, coach, and steamer are adequately detailed, and illustrated by maps. Special tourist fares from practically all railway stations in England and Wales to every station on the Highland line are set forth in detail. Much other valuable information is given. The production is profusely illustrated by excellent photographs, and may be had post free on application to T. A. Wilson, General Manager, Highland Railway, Inverness, N.B., or Messrs. W. T. Hedges, Ltd., Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Sale of Walton Grove

Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, have just sold by private treaty Walton Grove, Aylesbury, a residential or building property of ten acres, which they recently offered by auction.

Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall

The Queen's Hall was packed to the doors, and hundreds were turned away, on Saturday evening, August 13 (the first night of the Promenade Concerts). After the performance of the National Anthem came Sir Edward Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture, which showed that the Queen's Hall orchestra was quite up to its usual standard of excellence. The famous Tchaikovsky "1812" Overture and the overture to Rossini's "William Tell" were both splendidly rendered, whilst the work of the vocalists, Miss Esta D'Argo (who took the place of Miss Edith Evans, who was suffering from a cold) and Mr. Robert Burnett, left nothing to be desired. Space forbids us to enumerate the particular items with comments; suffice it to say that the concert was most enjoyable and in every way a success. The concerts will be continued nightly for ten weeks. A glance at the respective programmes shows that under the *bâton* of Mr. Henry Wood the high standard of these concerts will in every way be maintained. Monday evenings will for the most part be devoted to Wagner; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays will supply miscellaneous programmes; whilst on Friday evenings the nine immortal Symphonies of Beethoven will be performed in their chronological order, the favoured No. 5 in C minor being repeated on the tenth Friday (viz., October 21). The "1812" Tchaikovsky Overture figures frequently in the programmes, whilst the well-known Pathétique Symphony (No. 6 in B minor), by the same composer, will be rendered on Wednesday, October 5. We note with regret that Tchaikovsky's great Symphony (No. 5 in E minor and major), will, like the No. 6 ("The Pathétique"), only receive one rendering during the ten weeks. In the present day, however, when so much new music demands a hearing, something must give way. We advise all lovers of good music to peruse the respective programmes, which satisfy every variety of taste, enough being provided to give pleasure to all, even the most fastidious.

Mr. Stanley Cooke

The new manager of the Strand Theatre, who produces *The Man from Mexico* on September 10, and plays the title-rôle. Mr Cooke has also written *The Living Image*, a little Dutch comedy, which will precede *The Man from Mexico*

"Round the World in 1910"

Under this title Captain Scott-Harden has written a very interesting account of a visit to India, China, Japan, and the American Continent, which he arranged and carried out for a small company of English travellers. This book, which is published by Continental Travel, Ltd., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W., shows under what delightful conditions it is now possible to make the grand tour. At Jaipur the Maharajah supplied the visitors with elephants, and gave them permission to shoot in his preserves, and everywhere they received the greatest kindness and hospitality. Captain Scott-Harden writes picturesquely and with an infectious enthusiasm of all the wonderful experiences of the journey.

New Illustrated Guide for the Holidays

We have received from the Midland Company a copy of their illustrated annual, "Country and Seaside Holidays." Following a synopsis of the numerous places of interest, illustrated with half-tone views, is a comprehensive directory of furnished apart- ments in the country and at the seaside, arranged in alphabetical order. This directory shows not only what accommodation is afforded at the various addresses, but gives particulars of the features of interest in the neighbourhood. The Midland Company carry their passengers throughout to these places by their own trains and steamers without having to depend upon any other Company's arrangements, and are consequently in a position to provide an excellent through service by which passengers may journey in comfort both overland and by sea.

Holidays in Brittany

It was anticipated when the G.W.R. in 1907 inaugurated a new regular steamboat service to Brest that the many charms of a holiday in Brittany would attract large numbers of tourists and holiday-seekers from these islands. To meet the requirements of the passengers the G.W.R. have from time to time placed one of their big steamers on the service, and in order to provide every possible convenience for travellers making the trip to Brest this season, the Company have obtained a magnificent new steamer for the service—the s.s. *Bretonne*. The new boat is of steel construction, and is over 300ft. in length, with a tonnage of 1,635 tons. She is fitted with twin screws, giving a speed of sixteen knots per hour, and has been specially designed with a view to steadiness.

Mark Hambourg's Piano

It is a common error to suppose that the instrument from which Mark Hambourg is capable of evoking such tremendous effects is an instrument specially constructed to stand the strain imposed upon it. The manufacturers, Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, Ltd., however, assert that the piano is simply one of their ordinary concert grands, and although the maestro is in the habit of selecting it himself from the showrooms, it is in all respects a show model. Of his satisfaction Mark Hambourg speaks in a recent letter to the manufacturers, in which he says: "Allow me to congratulate you sincerely on the concert grand pianoforte you supplied for me at the orchestral concert with Busoni. The tone, both in forte and piano, was charming, and the action perfect. In fact, it was a great joy to me to play on such a delightful instrument."

The Brussels Exhibition Fire

The recent disastrous fire at the Brussels Exhibition destroyed the specimen dining-room exhibit of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, along with other English exhibits. Happily, however, this exhibit was fully insured. We are gratified to hear that this famous Oxford Street firm has received three Grand Prix for furniture decoration and upholstery.